JOHN BULL, AUGUST 20, 1932.

OFF THAT BEACH! SEE PAGE 5.

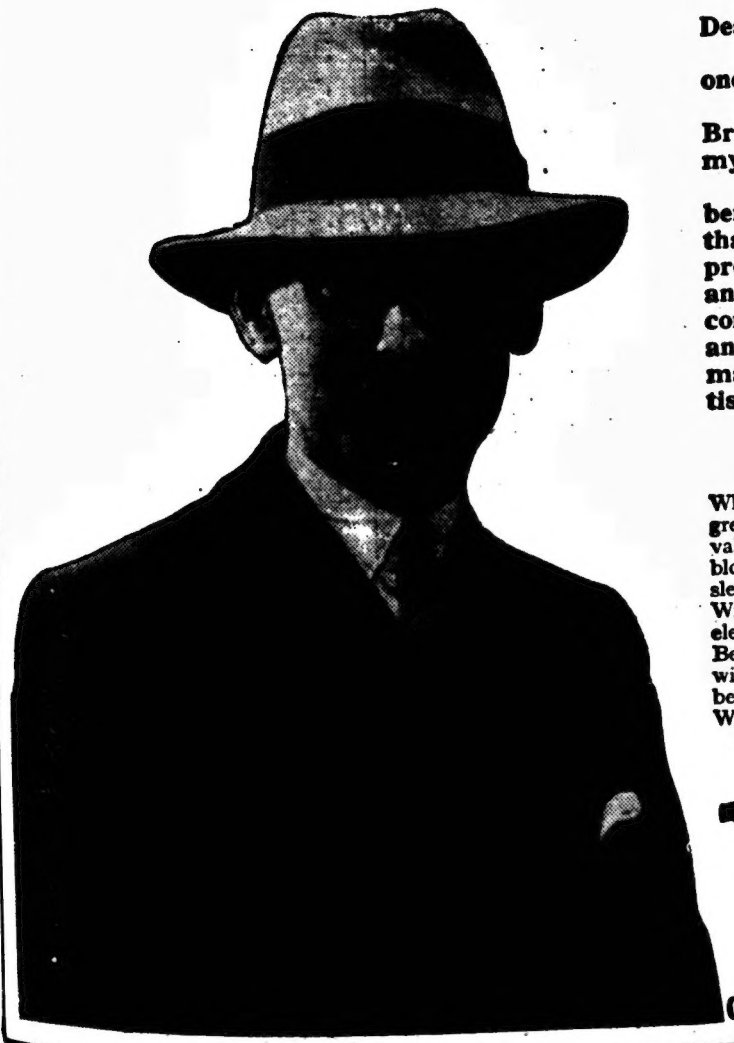
TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1366.

JOHN BULL

The most amazing testimonial ever written!

How heroic Blood Donor creates new blood to sacrifice

It is not our usual practice to publish testimonials, but here is a letter that is unique, full of romantic, dramatic interest to every man and woman in the country. It is from one of those heroic souls who voluntarily sacrifice their own blood that others may live. And it tells how one thing and one thing alone enables him to create new, rich blood after each ordeal and thus allows him to continue his self-imposed, self-sacrificing work. Without it he would be helpless. Here are his own unaltered, unsolicited words:



"To Coleman and Company,
Norwich. 30.5.32

Dear Sirs,

I hope you will carefully read through this letter, as it is a most unusual one written under unusual circumstances.

I am, and have been for a long time, a voluntary blood donor at the Bradford Royal Infirmary, and have at different times given quantities of my blood of one pint—1½ pints and one occasion—1 quart.

After each blood transfusion I find that one of the quickest and most beneficial aids to my recovery is a course of Wincarnis. It not only does all that you advertise it to do, but more. Without the aid of Wincarnis, I would probably not be able to continue to give my blood and remain in A1 condition, and my experience is that there is nothing finer for anyone in a run down condition of health than Wincarnis. This is my testimonial to your product and I send it to you with leave to utilise it in any advertising manner you may think fit, only stipulating that you do not use my name, but if the advertisement were challenged, I would gladly verify same."

(Signed).....

What greater proof could you have that Wincarnis does actually create rich, new blood? What greater evidence that if you are run-down or nervy, anæmic, unable to sleep or to work, or convalescing from any illness, Wincarnis *must* do you good. As it enriches and strengthens your blood, it builds up and restores the worn out, restless nerves, brings you sound, invigorating sleep, doubles your vigour, your vim, your determination. Remember there are no drugs in Wincarnis. It is simply a delicious wine, full of aroma and bouquet, with all the nourishing elements of 2½ lb. of grapes to every bottle, combined with the strength-giving properties of Beef and guaranteed Vitamin Malt extracts. With the very first delicious glass you drink you will feel fresh vigour stealing through your veins. If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 144, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

TESTED JB

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Prices 5/6 and 3/3

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 2/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 5/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11. each. Boys ribbed Jerseys 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits, 192-page Cat. free.—MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 38, Houndsditch, LONDON E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties, and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample Book Free. A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS TO SUIT ANY AND ALL TASTES. Photographic Calendars, Novelty Calendars, high-class Notepapers, threefold and many other specialities. Highest Comm. and special prizes.—Apply, Dobson & Co., Ltd., Dept. D16, Accrington.

FREE GIFT ALL ENQUIRERS. BIG COMMISSION. XMAS AGENTS WANTED CHOCOLATES, TOYS, CIGARETTES AND FANCY GOODS. ORIGINAL TATE XMAS CLUB.—DEPT. J.B., DOCK STREET, LEEDS.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED. Highest Commission. No outlay. Finest Goods.—PULLANS DIRECT SUPPLY, 209a, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

AGENTS Wanted. Eatonian Xmas Club. 200-Page Art Cat. Huge select.; Fancy Goods, Chocs., Cigs., Toys, etc. Free Gifts every Agent. Highest Commission. Big Cash Prizes.—Eaton & Co., (Dept. A), Lower Wortley, LEEDS.

FREE GIFTS for all who run our Xmas Club and the Highest Genuine Commission for Best Quality and well-known makes of Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods and Drapery. No substitutes or complaints. Fine Catalogue. Members of the National Association of Chocolate Club Organisers.—Dept. 392, GARNETT & HALLMEY, LTD., GRIMSBY.

NOW READY. — JOHN NOBLE'S WONDER CATALOGUE! One of the most marvellous books ever issued. JOHN NOBLES WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Values! Big Commission, little trouble, no expense. Super Bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Outfitting, etc. All Goods Carriage paid. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send P.C. NOW for particulars and 330 page Bargain Guide — John Noble, Ltd., (Dept. A7), Manchester.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, Cigs. Highest Comm. Free Gifts Cash Bonus. Catalogue.—Parties, from CLUB SUPPLIES, LTD (Est. 1919), (Dept. 101), 1, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London.

CLUB AGENTS: WE GIVE BETTER VALUE INSTEAD OF FREE GIFTS. Magnificent 200-page Cat. Chocs., Cigs., Jewellery, Cutlery, etc. Highest Cash Commission.—A. B. WATSON, 137, Albion Street, Leeds.

FREE Samples, Free Gifts, Cash Bonuses, Hire Purchase Terms, Photographic Enlargement Service. Agents wanted for the only Christmas Club offering all these advantages. 148-page Art Catalogue, Gift Offer, and Full Particulars Free.—Sheard Xmas Club (Dept. 12), Bradford.

WANTED!!! 1,000 AGENTS
To obtain Members for
BRITAIN'S LARGEST XMAS CLUBS.
ASTOUNDING CASH COMMISSIONS PAID.
Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Jewellery, Clothing, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, All Household Goods, etc. Over 1,000 Lines to choose from our Wonderful Catalogue. Gift sent to all enquirers.—Morris Bros. (Dept. B.), Commercial Mills, SHIPLEY, Yorks.

AGENTS WTD. Xmas Clubs. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, etc. Free Gift every Agent. Highest cash comm. No outlay. 160-p. Cat. free.—GOULD, HANTLEY HILL, LEEDS.

FREE Fountain Pen and Pencil and 200-page co'd cat. NOW.—Xmas Club Agents wanted; no outlay. Highest cash commission. Bundles of bathroom towels guar. free.—Write, HOFFBRAND, 17, Scarton Street, BRADFORD.

TEA AGENTS WANTED. Unique Offer.—Write, MARSHALL, 77, Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.3.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "Mistletoe" series. Agents wtd. (either sex). Highest com. Also prizes. Sample book free.—OWEN'S, 34, Chapel Street, Bradford.

EARN money in your spare time. Become a Charlie Shaw Xmas Club Agent. Free Cat. high cash comm. Free Gifts.—Charlie Shaw, Dept. J.B., Pitgreen Lane, Wolstanton, Staffs.

XMAS CLUBS. SPARE-TIME AGENTS wanted for oldest, largest and best Club. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, etc. Over 700 articles. No outlay. Excellent com. Write for Art Cat. and full particulars.—Samuel Driver, Ltd., Burton Road, Leeds.

AGENTS required for the famous SNOWBALL XMAS Cards and Calendars. Gigantic collection free. Wonderful profits. Enrol now and commence to make money.—Minster Press, Preston.

XMAS CHOC. CLUB AGENTS. Free 200-page col. Art. catal. Cadbury's, Fry's, Rowntree's, Terry's, etc. Highest Cash Comm.—MATHER'S (Dept. 62), 192, Chorley Old Road, BOLTON.

XMAS CLUBS.—Write for Dainty Souvenir and our Monster Coloured Catalogue containing Goods for Everybody. Highest Commission. Huge Range Cadbury's, Fry's, Rowntree's. Record Free Gift every Agent, also hundreds Free Wireless Sets. — MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY (Dept. B.G.), SHIPLEY.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, LETTER RACK, BLOTTER, ANIMAL STUDIES, NOTEPAPERS AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMM. AND PRIZES. — WRITE, STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS wanted in all parts to form "B.B.B." Xmas Clubs. Britain's Best Bargains in Chocolates, Cigarettes and Fancy Goods. Send P.C. for particulars of the highest commission paid by any club, free gifts, prizes to agents, and for monster illustrated Catalogue. — L. & C. MOSS (Dept. C23), 36, CANNEL STREET, ANCOATS, MANCHESTER.

AGENTS.—YOU WILL MAKE BIG MONEY by selling the CASTLE Series Christmas Cards and Calendars than any other. Astounding Profits being made by our agents. SAMPLE BOOK FREE containing the Latest Novelties in Cards and Calendars. Highest Commissions, Valuable Prizes.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 20, Anchor Court, Preston.

SMALL ADS. ... WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

GIFTS OF HAPPINESS XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMM. Guaranteed goods with prompt delivery. Genuine FREE GIFTS to all Organisers. 250-page Art Cat. Free.—STANTAN LTD., Dept. 39, Manor House, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED to start Advance Clubs. Apply at once for all particulars. — Advance Stores, Ltd. (Dept. O.), 168, Briggate, Leeds.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Britain's Largest Manufacturers REQUIRE AGENTS (EITHER SEX). MAGNIFICENT SAMPLE BOOK. NOVEL AND ORIGINAL DESIGNS, including CALENDARS, HAND-MADE GREETING CARDS AND NOTEPAPERS; BLOTTER; BOOKMARK; POCKET CELLULOID CALENDAR; DESIGNS APPEALING TO ANIMAL LOVERS; and designs for ALL TASTES AND PURSES. AGENCY COSTS NOTHING. We offer MAXIMUM COMMISSION and PRIZES FOR ALL. Acknowledged the FINEST SAMPLE BOOK PUBLISHED. SEE IT BEFORE YOU FIX UP. Dept. 130, British Christmas Card Co., Blackburn.

CANVASSERS required to get Agents to form 1/- whist Clubs. £1 paid for every Agent up-plisted. Send for outfit of 250 pages etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Cheetham, Manchester.

LOOK!—XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. TWO wonder catalogues. Highest Cash Commission, Bonus and Discount. Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Fancies. Free Insurance Policy. No Outlay. No Risk.—JOHN HOWARD & CO., 113a, Myddleton Road, Wood Green, N.22.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? Then why not be a Salesman? Suitable men can be trained under Wallace Attwood, by post, in their spare time. Attwood trained men, without previous experience "on the road," now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 297, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1 ('Phone: Chancery 7536.)

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (5-7), or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 8, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post quite free of charge. Perhaps you have had experience as an agent in previous years. If so, you will realise that a back number in Sample Books is useless to an enterprising agent. Our productions are miles ahead of all competitors. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, celluloid, jewelled, calendars, and novelties in unsurpassed variety.

This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

Apply J. RENSHAW & SONS LTD.
Dept R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.

A MASCOT XMAS CARD BOOK FREE TO ENTERPRISING AGENTS. £ £ £s WEEKLY EASILY EARNED. BRITAIN'S BEST CALENDAR ART COLLECTION IN WATER COLOURS, POKER WORK, ANIMAL STUDIES AND NOVELTIES. ASTOUNDING BARGAINS IN PACKETS. JOIN NOW AND COMMENCE TO MAKE MONEY.—THOS. HORRIRK, PRESTON.

XMAS Club Agents wtd. Free Fountain Pen, Free Chocs. & Gift Money. Write now for Handsome Offer.—Gilston, 114, Summerville, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED for World's Premier Christmas Card House. LARGE COMMISSION and Valuable Prizes given to capable applicants. No outlay or obligation.—Dept. S., Lancaster Publishing Co., Lancaster.

FIRST-CLASS COMMISSION FOR ENERGETIC AGENTS OF EITHER SEX. The "City" Series offer best value and A1 service for Private Greeting Christmas Cards. All samples entirely free. Full particulars on writing to Dept. 2, The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., City Works, Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

MAKE MONEY at leisure. Agents wanted to form Clubs. Good comm. All commodities.—Webster's, Ltd., Crawshaw Rd., Pudsey, Leeds.

POLICE RECRUITS. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Good pay and prospects. Those interested in joining Metropolitan, City, County or Borough Police Forces should send for free details of entrance requirements to B.T.I., 28B, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence over £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T., 29K, Oxford St., W.1.

AGENTS required, Flood-lighting Lamps: real seller; minimum comm., 25%. Write or call immediately, Nissen, 18, Knightsbridge, London.

MONEY EASILY EARNED IN YOUR SPARE TIME.
Direct importers of Ceylon Tea require representatives to sell packet tea. Generous profits; quality guaranteed under Registered Mark. Special terms to those in large works or institutions.—Write for particulars, ANGLO-CEYLON TEA CO. (Dept. A.), 366, King Street, Hammersmith, W.6.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 36 Provincial newspapers or London Suburbans, 7/12. Welsh, 2/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Rutleigh & Dickson, 233, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 6113.)

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT
CELEBRATED SPARE TIME **AGENCY**

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. *Enquiries for Agency Invited.*
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 45, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 11 lb. 4/8, for Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts.—Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Lawton Burnetts, W.R. Whouse, Wellington, Som.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING! Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free, 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Sidgs., Strand, Liverpool.

WOOLS, Sale, Rug 8d., Cable 1/5, Thrums 9d. lb. Silky 1d. oz. Sports 11d. 800 spls. Free.—Scotia Wools, 188, New Bridge St., Newcl.-Tyne.

HAVE you tried Stead Razor Blades? They can be bought in wallets of 7 blades for 6d. See advt on Back Cover.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply, Motors 7/6, Kits, parts, Repairs, 64-pg. ill. drawings 2d. Rayentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—BUY DIRECT—SAVE MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS. Specially blended, Indian and Ceylon Teas at keenest prices. Samples Free.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA.—Special 2/- Tea, 10 lb. for 12/6. "Digestive Tea Tips" 1/- lb. for 7/6. Carr. & Samps. free.—Silver, 182-4, Roman Rd., Bow, E.3.

TEA, 6½d. lb. in 60 lb. Chests; 40 lb., 30/-; 20 lb., 15/6. Carr. pd. Samples free.—JOHN WEST & CO., Dept. A32, 11, Fenchurch-st., E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 7/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogues free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (483F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc. cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 36.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.90), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

IF you are run down or "Nervy," try a couple of glasses of "WINCARNIS," which enriches your blood and restores worn-out and restless nerves. Simply send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Dept. 164, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. This offer appears in the Front Cover announcement.

RHEUMATIC sufferers can obtain a generous trial bottle of "BELTONA" Lotion and a free book on receipt of 1/- (P.O. or stamps) to cover postage and packing. Simply use the coupon in the advt. on p. 29.

"READERS" attention is drawn to Mr. Shadforth's Prescriptions on p. 34. These simple and cheap remedies are most valuable at this time of the year. They can be obtained direct from the address in the advt.

A FREE Trial Sample of "CICFA" for Indigestion is offered in the advt. on the Back Cover.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Godfrey Hair offer on p. 16, in which a free trial bottle of Radio-active Hair Tonic, Book, etc., will be sent for return for two 1½d. stamps. If a tube of the famous Godfrey "Pollex" Shampoo is also required, enclose extra 3d. stamp.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
You can't stop eating them.
Must be DUKE'S.

WATCH the difference BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS make to your dog. Spare him the misery of overheated blood. The advt. on p. 22 should not be overlooked.

FREE.—Seven days' sample tube of "EUTHYMOL" TOOTH PASTE. Fill in coupon in advt. on page 22.

A FREE Voucher for 20 coupons appears in the B.D.V. Cigarette offer on p. 27. This will help you to qualify for the Expanding Suitcase offered in exchange for B.D.V. Coupons.

A FREE Sample of "Harlene" Camomile Golden Hair Wash is offered in the advt. on p. 29.

BABY CLOTHES EVERYTHING NEEDED
75 HOME MADE GARMENTS 1/6 WEEKLY
30/-

Including beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slip, Afternoon Gowns, Night-gowns, Shawl, Carrying Cloak, Matinee Coats, Carrying Cot, Mat, Coats, Vests, Frocks, Flannels, large Terry Towels, Bath Towel, Nappies, Pinners and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 1/6 for parcel and satisfy yourself on approx. and balance on terms or cash, money back guarantee.

Expectant mothers should wear a Maternity Belt. I have one, guaranteed, a beautiful drawing point

Mrs. Sturgess, 87, Billing Road, Northampton.

GUARANTEED WATCHES

GENT'S HAND-SOME

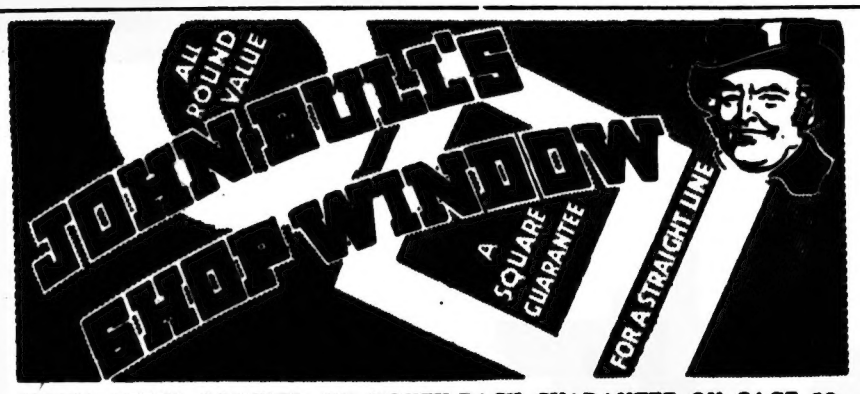
LATEST DESIGN NO DEPOSIT

STRAP WATCH. Elegant chromium non-tarnishable case, double width strong leather strap, superb jewelled movement. Specially tested before delivery. Bargain price while stocks last, 22/-. Luminous dial 1/6 extra. LADY'S WATCH, similar style to Gent's. Same guaranteed movement. Moire silk band with engraved snap. Wonderful value, 22/-. All watches sold are fully warranted for 15 years, and are guaranteed timekeepers. Seven days after receipt of Watch, send 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. 2/- discount for cash with order.

Write for Catalogue.

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO., (Dept. J.B.), 6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33.

GREAT SUMMER OFFER.

3-16-6

Carriage Paid U.K., or 7/1 SECURES with 7/1 monthly for 11 months.

Model 83—OAK finished Cabinet, 35 ins. high, with new AUTO-STOP powerful Garrard Motor, Fullotone Junior Sound-box, Metal Amplifier, etc., and record compartment. Gives mighty volume and lifelike purity.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Fullotone (Dept. J.B.9), 78, Camden Rd., N.W.1. Also at East Ham, Tottenham, Croydon, Liverpool, Glasgow.

FULLOTONE

MODEL No. 83 20 other models and RADIO BARGAINS

THORNS' SALE

A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if required. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2.18.6 or 4/9 monthly
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£3.17.6 or 6/6 monthly
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£6. 6.0 or 10/2 monthly

Carr. Paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 36. of Garages, Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,500 sizes and designs.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. 36) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent

For One Week Only at Cost Price.

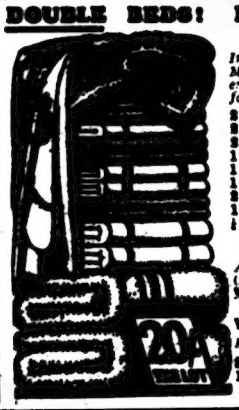
OUTDOOR SHOES AT A THIRD THE PRICE.

Exact appearance of patent leather shoes, these will give months of hard service. Stout rubber soles, moulded to stout rubber upper of imitation grain leather. Pliable, absolutely waterproof, and equal in appearance to glace or patent shoes. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, warehouse or City wear. Black or tan. Sizes 7 to 12

2/9 Post on one or two pair 9d

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

DOUBLE BEDS!



DIRECT FROM FACTORY!!

In buying direct from our Mills you obtain all this excellent Sale cart. free for only 20/- cash or C.O.D.

2 Soft Woolly Blankets 80x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90x70
2 Large Pillow Slips 30x18
1 Cotton Bolster Case 50x20
1 Hand-designed Bedspread
1 Fringe Case to match.
2 Coloured Turkish Towels.
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings.
1 Box Dainty Handkerchiefs.

MADE FOR LASTING WEAR.

Also in smaller size, 30 x 60 (single beds) for 15/6 only! Money back if not delighted.

A Handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT given free with each Sale.

STANDARD (BURMAH) Ltd., Dept. 36, 15b, Princess Street, MANCHESTER.

UNPUNCTURABLE TYRES

3/11

THOUSANDS SOLD AT 8/6

Punctures defied. A masterpiece of tyre construction. Made by new Hydraulic Process—50 per cent. more mileage guaranteed. Sheafs of testimonials. TRIAL PRICE 3/11. Post 7d. Two for 8/3, post paid. State size.

Money back terms.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Parts. 5/- in the £ saving. Trade enquiries invited.

Guaranteed Two Years

MOORHOUSE'S, Dept. 36 PADIHAM, Lancs.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who

Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. Mabey Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 101 24, COVENTRY

BARGAIN LIST FREE

Greenhouses from 50/-

Bungalows from £16:7:6

Summer Houses from 25/-

Rustic Houses from 27/6

Huts from 20/-

Poultry Houses from 15/-

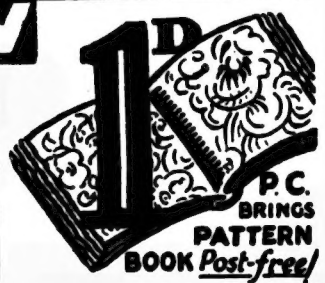
BATH'S 3-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Works at Norwood Rd., & 183, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.

DON'T DELAY — SEND TO-DAY

BUY NEW CURTAINS NOW

29,500 YARDS CURTAIN NETS FADELESS CURTAINING AND CRETONNES



DIRECT FROM THE MILLS from 3d. yd.

ACTUAL PATTERNS; PLAIN, HEMSTITCHED, INSERTED REPPS, POPLINS, SATIN STRIPES. FADELESS COLOURS: ALL AT LOWEST PRICES.

PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED

By buying direct you make a leisured choice in your own home; you get a beautiful variety to choose from and you are not influenced to buy what you don't want . . . AND YOU SAVE MONEY. CASH OR DEFERRED TERMS.

Send for POST FREE catalogue TO-DAY.

OLD DOWN QUILTS MADE LIKE NEW.

Send for Lovely Free Patterns. Details and Prices.

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (J.B.2.) MASON STREET, MANCHESTER

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED—

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, strong planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6 ft.	x 4 ft.	x 6½ ft.	£2 17 6	10/-	5/3
8 ft.	x 6 ft.	x 6½ ft.	£4 7 6	15/3	8/-
10 ft.	x 7 ft.	x 7½ ft.	£6 1 6	21/3	11/3

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

12/6 SOUNDBOX BARGAIN 5/11

To popularise our Mail Order bargains we are offering this wonderful new British Made Soundbox for 5/11 only! Why not have a really up-to-date Soundbox on your gramophone and make it as good as an expensive cabinet model? Hear all those high and low notes you have been missing! Send 2d. postage for FREE APPROVAL. Then, if delighted, pay 1/6 weekly till 6/6 is paid, or cash with order, 5/11 only. Why not send 2d. stamps to-day and give it a trial?—we forward Soundbox by return!—(under no obligation whatever on your part to purchase unless delighted).

HOLLOWAY, BARNES & CO., (Dept. J.B.2) 1, Lorne Rd., Waterloo, LIVERPOOL.

State whether Soundbox fits 3 in or 4½ ins over bone-arm.

The Biggest Radio Bargain since broadcasting began

This Powerful British Made Three Valve WIRELESS SET Post Carr. Paid ready to switch on for 11/- down and 2/6 weekly

Guaranteed for 12 months. Absolutely complete with Loud Speaker, Cursen Valves, Exide Accumulator and Batteries, all entirely self-contained in a handsome Walnut Cabinet. Postage Stations easily obtained.

£5:17:6 cash or 11/- down and 2/6 weekly. No Extras. Send 11/- deposit or write for beautiful Illustrated Booklet.

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3 BH.), 97, GRAY'S INN RD., LONDON, W.C.1.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 206J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

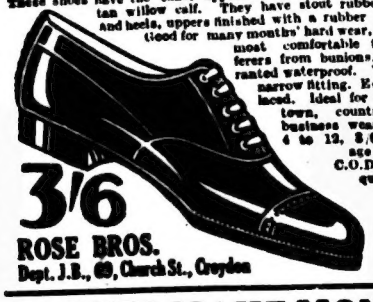
TWO POUNDS SAVED

I save you at least TWO POUNDS on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES. Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edwd. O'Brien Ltd. Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

MEN'S SHOES AT TWO-THIRDS SAVING!

BUY FROM THE HOUSE WITH 22 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR FAIR DEALING.



These shoes have the exact appearance of patent leather or tan willow calf. They have stout rubber soles and heels, uppers finished with a rubber surface. (Good for many months' hard wear, pliable, most comfortable for sufferers from bunions. Warranted waterproof. Wide or narrow fitting. Every pair laced. Ideal for seaside, town, country and business wear. Sizes 4 to 12, 3/6. Postage 9d C.O.D. if required.

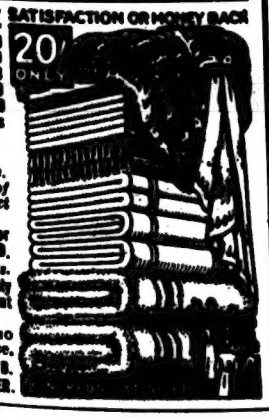
3/6

Satisfaction guaranteed.

ROSE BROS. Dept. J.B., 69, Church St., Croydon

QUILTS FREE

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK



2 Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Cotton Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 50x20
1 Art. Bedspread 80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
2 Chamois Polishers
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs.

All Double Bed Size. British made goods of splendid value direct from our mill.

CASH 20/- CASH or C.O.D. FREE.

No further payments. FREE GIFT of lovely WARNED DOWN QUILT sent with this Note.

If cash with order also free pair Art. Silk Hose.

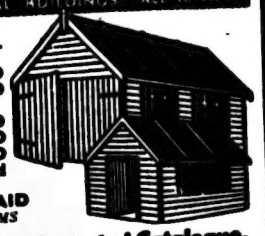
PATON HILL Co., Dept. B.B. Paton St., MANCHESTER.

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES AND SECTIONAL BUILDINGS ALL KINDS

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise.

GARAGES.
10' x 7' .. £6. 6.0
15' x 9' .. £10.19.0

HUTS.
6' x 4' ... £2. 15.0
8' x 5' ... £3. 14.0
10' x 7' ... £5. 18.0
½" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.



CARRIAGE PAID
DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1928), Ltd., Dept. J. High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT OF 1/-

Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of guaranteed hard wearing trousers at practically cost price, viz: 4/- per pair. These are Dk. Grey with a neat stripe and made of practically unteasonable material and we guarantee to replace should 1 or 2 pairs they fail to please. Postage on Send for a pair now. 9d. for C.O.D. and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28in. to 40in. waist.) 42in. to 48in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

4/-

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

Mail Order Firm Makes £1,720 Profit on £14.

YOU can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Invented by Charles Hand, Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 284, High Holborn, W.C.1, who made in the first year net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on outlay of £14. One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343. Write for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Business," to Chas. Hand, 284, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

(Mention J.B., and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

600,000 BRITISH MADE SHIRTS-

with two collars to match have now been ordered to meet the greatly increased demand by smokers of

CARRERAS'

'CLUBS'

The Best 5 for 2p cigarettes

– and this offer is extended to SEPTEMBER 30TH

This offer is continued because we know that if you will give 'CLUBS' a fair trial you will not smoke an ordinary 5 for 2d. cigarette again. 'CLUBS' are better filled—better made—better value—in fact, the best 5 for 2d. cigarettes on the market. Start smoking 'CLUBS' to-day, and save the empty packets.

A FINE POPLIN SHIRT—GUARANTEED FADELESS—WITH 2 COLLARS TO MATCH IS YOURS FOR ONLY

This offer means to British Workers

that many mills in Lancashire have had to be re-opened giving greatly increased employment. In order to meet the huge demand for these shirts, Carreras have ordered nearly 2 MILLION YARDS of material from British Mills. Keep on smoking 'CLUBS' and help to create more employment. You can have as many shirts as you like if you send the full number of packets for each shirt.

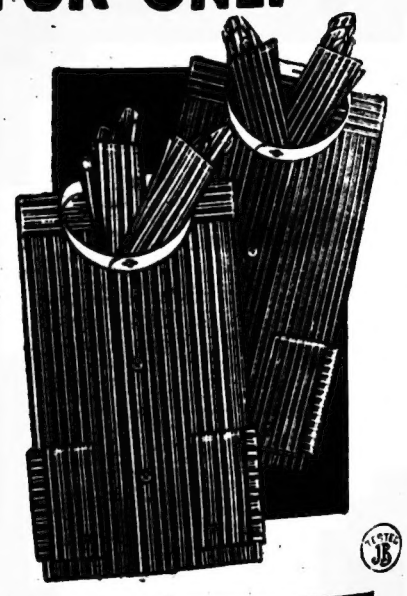
150 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS

Send 150 empty 'CLUBS' fives packets (or 75 tens packets) with your name and address, stating whether pattern A, B, C or D is required. Also state size of *outside collar worn* (not neckband).

In the following outside collar sizes:
14", 14½", 15", 15½", 16", 16½", 17"

PATTERNS
A . . . Brown—narrow stripes
B . . . Blue —narrow stripes
C . . . Blue —wide stripes
D . . . Brown—wide stripes

Send your empty packets to 'CLUBS,' Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.



THIS OFFER IS EXTENDED TO SEPTEMBER 30TH

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, August 20, 1932. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d., all other parts of the world, 1½d.* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

THE NEW SEASIDE MENACE . .

Off that Beach!

NINE million people, so the experts tell us, are now, or have been this month, making holiday at Britain's seaside.

How many of these millions are aware that they have no legal right on the beach at all unless it be at big resorts like Blackpool, Brighton or Margate.

Most of those who seek the delights of the more tranquil places are common trespassers.

If they bathe in the sea or sun bathe on the beach, ramble on the cliff tops, or with their children build castles on the sands, they do so only by courtesy. They are liable at any moment to be ordered off or to suffer penalties.

The beaches and cliffs of this country, for the greatest part, are private land.

A number of cases have come to the notice of JOHN BULL this summer where the owners have effectively stopped holiday-makers from getting to the beach simply by erecting barricades across the approaches.

WORSE still. From different parts of the coast come reports of preparations for a general onslaught upon the hitherto unchallenged pleasures of the people.

Soon, if the threat is not countered, many hundreds of miles of sea-front will be completely closed and forbidden to the public, or else they will only get access to the beaches at a payment of so much a head.

The speculator, at last, has scented profits in the golden sands.

In recent years many seaside landlords have sold their land for house-building and other development. With each transfer of land automatically went the beach and cliff in front and entry to them was obstructed by the houses which arose and the laying out of the adjoining grounds.

It is a disconcerting fact that in the past ten years between one-half and two-thirds of the tracks and paths which once led to the seashore have become useless by having their exits so blocked.

And this summer there has been a still more widespread interference by the new landlords with the accesses which remained.

Without Fear or Favour

In some parts of the coast these individuals have exercised their tyranny with almost venomous zest against innocent pleasure-seekers. Not satisfied with planting posts bearing announcements that passage to the beach is prohibited, they have raised barbed-wire entanglements at the points where paths emerge either on the beach or cliff.

For generations these paths have been so uninterruptedly used by seaside visitors that they had come to be regarded as public rights-of-way. Their past owners, by non-interference, had virtually dedicated them to common use.

Where approaches to the sea cannot be fenced or blocked, some owners have resorted to despicable devices to shut out the public.

Trespassers will be prosecuted!

In a number of instances they have gone so far as to make the beach itself impassable. On the pretext that defences are needed against possible coast erosion, they have built imitation groynes down the beaches to the sea and placed tree-trunks across the spaces between.

What they have erected can easily be death-traps for the unwary and especially for children. The incoming tide comes up between the barriers with deadly force, and when it recedes so much water is left that the sands are uninhabitable.

ALL this obstruction of the accesses to the sea, first by the builder and then by a new race of kill-joy landlords, has played into the hands of the type of speculator who wants to get rich by making us pay dearly for the privilege of spending an hour or two on the beach.

Away from the big seaside towns there are now so few approaches to the beach that the land-gamblers have found it easy to select the areas which will bring them the greatest profit.

The seashore of Britain can be parcelled out and bought and sold and hired like an ordinary commodity and the speculators have merely had to obtain leases of the sands, in parts where access is still unrestricted, to begin trading in ozone and brine.

One of the devices to make profit in this way is the so-called "Beach Club."

THESE clubs have no premises other than the sky above and the sand and shingle below—which was formerly free to all-comers.

To-day, if you want to go to these spots to bathe or picnic you must first join the "club" by paying a yearly subscription of two guineas to the syndicates, which have the lease of them.

Unless this practice is stopped, before very long people who want to enjoy the peace of a secluded beach may expect to find pay-boxes in their path with collectors who will levy extra toll the longer they linger by the sea.

Parliament this year provided effective means by which this new menace to our holiday joys can be met and thwarted.

The means are contained in the Town and Country Planning Act, 1932, which empowers every district council to schedule coastal land as private or public open spaces—to safeguard the beaches and their accesses against further encroachment by the builder and to reserve them for all time as a playground for the people.

They must not hesitate now to use the greater authority which Parliament has this year entrusted to them. The prosperity of their districts is at stake.

It cannot profit a district if its bays, coves, crags and cliff walks are inaccessible except to the owners and occupiers of the land and houses adjoining them and if private speculators are allowed to take up licences to bleed the public who wish to enjoy the use of the sands.

They must surely realise that holiday resorts with no public frontage on the sea, no open cliff on which to ramble, and only restricted access to cove and beach, won't be very popular.

Methods must be devised to educate those local authorities still existing on the coast who argue that the public have no right to invade the sanctity of the shores and that if they do so they must be prepared to pay toll to the owners of the beaches.

Britain's heritage is the sea. We must make sure that the seaside, too, is part of that heritage.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Children in for a Bad Time, We Fear

The Mystery of the Beer Tax

Post Office Savings Scare

WE don't want to be pessimistic, but we fear that a bad time is in store for thousands of children throughout the country.

The Lord Chancellor is now busy appointing the lay magistrates who will preside over the new courts for juvenile offenders.

These magistrates will have powers under certain circumstances to order children to be sent to what are termed "approved schools."

Asylum-fodder

Frankly what we are afraid of is that when this new machine gets into full working order it will spend too much of its time supplying young asylum-fodder for the rapacious appetites of the Lunacy Board of Control.

It all depends on how the new J.P.s administer the Act. But past experience has made us wary. We hope for the best, but fear the worst.

Parents' lost right

A naughty boy of ten who robbed an orchard used to get a few strokes with the birch and was sent home—and that was that.

In the future, the probability is that he will be deemed ripe material for an "approved school" till he is nineteen. The parents lose their rights over him. They are transferred to the local authority.

Prisoners

The "approved school" is, in fact, the old reformatory with a new name. Here the child is more or less a prisoner.

There is no guarantee that at nineteen he (or she) will be released.

Instead there is every danger that some trivial reason—some backwardness in lessons or some misbehaviour—will result in the child being passed on to the Board of Control's lunacy establishments as a mental defective and kept captive for life.

They never let go—

JOHN BULL, unfortunately, has a long experience of the way the Board of Control fixes its talons in merely troublesome and backward children and will never let go.

Weeping mothers flock to our office every week imploring us to rescue their children from the living death sentence that has been passed on them without any real justification.

When the new Juvenile Courts get going we fear that the number of these poor mothers will be greatly augmented.

—Nor do we!

Whatever happens, JOHN BULL will continue its long fight against the monstrous powers of the Board of Control.

We have carried on this campaign, unaided by Press or Parliament, for years. We shall win in the long run. We shall sweep the tyrannous Board of Control out of existence.

We shall eventually secure the safeguards necessary to prevent children being torn from their homes and consigned to a living death. Make no mistake about that.

Let others help

Nevertheless, it should not be left to one journal, however fearless and powerful, to carry on a lone battle for the liberties of the subject.

It is high time the country, its daily Press, and its so-called representatives at Westminster roused themselves to destroy the foulest inquisition that has ever existed in this country.

They can be sure that JOHN BULL will give them every assistance. We have the facts for anyone who requires them.

We are ready to supply any news-editor any day in the week with an exclusive story that will make his readers' blood boil with indignation—if he will only print it!

We shall watch

But meanwhile the sad procession of weeping mothers to this office goes on. And, as we have said before, we are very much afraid that the new Juvenile Courts will increase it.

We shall watch their proceedings with redoubled vigilance.

We hope it won't mean a living death sentence for the little chap

The way of the people

Great Britain and Ireland may have fallen out—officially—but there is still a smile and a pleasant word for the Englishman no matter where he goes in Ireland—on the railways, in hotels and villages and along the country lanes.

And, needless to say, Irish people find no grudge against them in England.

From this will-for-peace between the peoples cannot the leaders learn a lesson?

Tax fiasco

When Mr. Philip Snowden (as he then was) put on the extra beer tax in April, 1931, he protested that he did it because the nation needed revenue.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain followed suit in April, 1932.

But the revenue has been falling lower and lower. In hundreds of public-houses the takings do not even pay the wages. Working-men's clubs are being closed.

If we are going to decide for or against Prohibition, at least let us have a good straight fight about it.

To tax beer in order to get money, and to keep the tax on when it loses money, is just sheer hypocrisy.

Handicapping our ships

One way that will certainly *not* revive our depressed mercantile marine is for British vessels to be charged higher insurance rates than their foreign rivals by London underwriters.

We have received reports of recent instances of this happening.

It should be stopped at once—if not by the Chamber of Shipping, then by the Government.

The old scare

The old scare about the Post Office Savings Bank being unsafe has been raised again.

Of course, it is as safe as the Bank of England—perhaps safer.

But why don't the authorities take steps to trace the people who spread this dangerous rumour?

Jack keeps smiling

Rents in the naval ports should be reduced. Or the Admiralty must see that the married bluejacket can get cheaper home accommodation.

Fifteen shillings a week for two rooms is quite a common charge in Portsmouth and other naval towns, and in many cases the rents are even higher.

As the sailor says: "It can't be done."

In some way or another it *is* done—but that is more to the credit of Jack than to anyone else.

Mercy's quality

Scarcely a week passes without the Ealing magistrates excelling their past feats of stupidity.

Because he was unemployed and without means to pay a fine, they sent a young man of spotless character to prison for a week for keeping a dog without a licence.

His neighbours had left the district and abandoned the animal and he had fed and cared for it, thus technically becoming the owner.

If he had mauled or mercilessly beaten the dog he would not have fared worse.

Give them a chance

Is the Ministry of Agriculture quite certain that it knows everything there is to be known?

Foot-and-mouth disease has broken out again and the same old policy is being followed—that of slaughter and burning.

The farmers lose and the country loses, but still the disease continues.

Many scientists think they can prevent it. Why not give them a chance to do so? The one thing that has been proved over and over again is the failure of destruction.

Just nonsense

A woman was charged at Marylebone with obtaining credit at an hotel by fraud.

Dr. Rougvie, the woman Deputy-Governor of Holloway Prison, declared that the prisoner was fit to plead though certifiable as insane.

The magistrate described the situation as "impossible," "extraordinary," and "very mysterious."

If he runs short of adjectives we can help him out with some more, because, like him, we find it difficult to understand how a person who is certifiable as insane can be regarded as fit to plead.

A BIG NEW SURPRISE
for every reader is on the way
WATCH "John Bull"!

Danger to hikers

A hiker went to sleep one hot night recently under a tarpaulin tent attached to some hay-ricks.

At midnight he was awakened by the strong arm of the law and had to spend the night in a cell instead. Next day he was charged with "wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence."

Of course, the case was dismissed.

But next time you go hiking, mind you take some means of subsistence.

A wad of banknotes, say, tied round your neck.

Don't rush

Morecambe, that popular Lancashire resort, is advertising for a clerk-cum-telephone attendant at its fire station. A knowledge of typewriting is desirable.

The hours of work aren't mentioned, but the wages are. Ten shillings a week.

Now don't all rush at once!

Bogus earl goes down

Mr. John Walker Greig is well known to our readers.

This swindling company promoter, who used to style himself "the Earl of Dunblane," and served terms of penal servitude in Canada, has often been exposed by us.

Now he has gone to prison for six months for defrauding two Scottish doctors—a silly sentence for so accomplished and persistent a crook, particularly as it is to date from his arrest in June.

We shall continue to keep our eye on him when he comes out.

Perilous meddling

A North London man dashed into the road the other day and hurled his four children clear of a driverless motor-car which had run away.

Great!

But the car would never have run away had not some mischievous youngsters meddled with the brakes.

This is a danger which parents should warn their children against. And if they disobey they ought to be treated in an old-fashioned way—in an old-fashioned place.

Human—and sensible

Congratulations to the Bristol magistrates on their sympathy.

A man who appeared before them on a charge of attempted suicide joined the Army in 1914, was buried alive in a trench at Mons, sent to a convalescent home, developed severe shell-shock, and returned home practically blind in one eye and suffering agonising pain.

The magistrates dismissed the charge. We hope their understanding action will restore this warrior's nerve and help him to find his feet again.

Grasping

A North of England clergyman informs us that some people who possess the qualifications for signing old-age, ex-Service and other pension recommendations are charging a fee for doing so.

Pensioners should refuse to pay.

Most responsible persons, fortunately, would never stoop to such meanness.

Cornering

A man who was summoned at Mortlake, Surrey, for being drunk rode a bicycle round the charge-room three times.

He was discharged with a caution.

But why the caution?

The Mortlake police ought to be warned not to turn their office into a speedway track unless they are certain they are going to win.

by **Maj. Walter Elliot,** *Neville Chamberlain's lieutenant*

The FARM BEATS the FACTORY

"Give me the farmer's hard but healthy outdoor life every time"

Major Walter Elliot is Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He is also a leading Scottish stock breeder, and in this special interview with "John Bull" discusses the question, "Is Farming Worth While?"

WE hear a lot to-day about farming not being worth while. But it is, all things considered.

True, it is facing bad times, yet so are almost all other industries, and it pays as well as most of them do.

My grandfather was a farmer. My father was one, too. And I have followed in their footsteps by farming several thousands of acres in Scotland, both hill land and low land—the hill land, of course, chiefly for the rearing and grazing of sheep.

When I step out from the train amongst the Border hills, stand on earth that is not covered with houses and asphalt, and breathe air that has not been used by a million human beings first, I experience a keen and lasting pleasure.

A misty morning away in the country I love so well may clear to a day of blazing sunshine and sweltering heat, but with it there are the refreshing scents of the fertile earth, of green grass and leafy trees, the soothing hum of insects and the glorious song of birds.

Does it pay?

In our towns there is little that is pleasant to look upon. Those modern tyrants, bells and horns, irritate us with their raucous song. There is no rest for us in our streets—we must step lively on pain of injury or death.

This is certainly one aspect of life on the land that makes farming worth while.

But, I am often asked, does farming pay in cash?

In the approved manner of a Scotsman, I will answer that question by asking another. Does coal mining pay in terms of hard cash? Does the steel industry?

I think that if we enquire closely into the financial conditions of these and several other industries we shall discover that some concerns in these industries are profitable businesses and others are not.

In order to be a financial success every business must be a combination of good guidance and good luck. If either element is lacking then failure is likely to loom ahead.

It is the same with farming. Efficiency and a certain amount of good luck are necessary, but not more so than in other occupations.

Risks have to be taken everywhere, and every farmer must face the possibility of bad seasons—unpropitious weather, disease among crops or stock, the danger of over-production in any one farming commodity, or of an unexpected fall in prices.

Yet, for all that, it has been truly said that there is not a parish in the country in which some farmer is not making a profit to-day.

Even so, he does not need to make much to make farming worth while. Man makes money in order to live, he does not live to make money.

We are beginning to realise that life in our towns under modern conditions is not all that it appears to be on first consideration. Nor does it offer the opportunities it did in the nineteenth century.

Stick to the land

For many years now it has been the great ambition of a number of young country men and women to leave their occupations on the land and try their luck in the large manufacturing towns. Years ago many were successful. I suppose some are now, but times and conditions have altered a lot.

Financial depression and increased unemployment have made it advisable for the man who is making a modest living in the country to stick to it. Glittering prizes there may be in the towns, but they are few—very few to-day.

On the other hand, many things have happened in recent years to make the countryman contented with his lot. He need no longer feel that he is cut off from the life of the great world outside his village.

He has only to listen-in to his wireless to know what is going on hundreds of miles away. He can hear a great speaker or popular entertainer, or the latest news or dance tunes.

Or he can step out of his cottage and go to the nearest cinema and see the world's most famous actors and actresses on the screen.

Again, new roads and motor-coach services have enormously increased the amenities of social life in the country. They, perhaps more than anything else, have removed that dreaded sense of isolation and loneliness which was the bugbear of the country folk. They have enabled the village housewife to break the humdrum monotony and solitude of her existence by shopping in the neighbouring market town with the greatest of speed and comfort.

A hard life, but—

Nothing, it is true, can greatly alter the work on the farm itself. It will always be hard. That is something you cannot shirk in agriculture. But it is not nearly so monotonous to tend land and live stock as it is to watch and operate a machine which is doing the same thing over and over again, hour after hour, in a mass-production factory.

No, in spite of all the modern improvements and better conditions for workers in our factories, give me the farmer's hard but healthy outdoor life every time.

The growth of calves, the rearing of lambs, the problems of health and disease, have for me at any rate an appeal which is lacking in the case of crops.

There are those who think otherwise, and I shall not quarrel with them. They can justly say, as the peasant said to Louis XIV, that a well-worked field is a garden to beat anything at Versailles.

And what of farming as an investment?

I think we are at last beginning to realise that stocks and shares are merely someone's promise on paper to pay someone else Slumps, market fluctuations, financial and economic crises in our own, and even other countries, may affect them. There is always the possibility that whereas we may be fairly affluent on Monday, at the end of the week we may be poor.

The man with a tree

But the man who owns a tree need not be without fire, the man who rears sheep can eat mutton, the man who grows potatoes will not go hungry.

These things make us understand more clearly what the lawyers mean when they talk real property—they are something tangible and solid which cannot become worthless at the tap of a hammer.

I think, too, it is worth recalling that the man who farms, who draws his sustenance from the land, is living a life which, if not an easy one, was in the past the means of livelihood of the whole human race. It is still capable, with reasonable luck, of giving a good return for a good year's work.

So I think we can say that farming, looked at from all angles, is as good as most occupations.

The countryman who makes a fair living and is happy need not regret that his life lacks the glamour of that of the town. He would gain little if he made the change. And he would lose a lot.

The Biggest Fortune Hunt Ever . .

WANTED!

IS the last chapter being written of the greatest hunt for heirs to a fortune that the world has ever known?

For years sensation has followed sensation in the American courts as claimant after claimant has come forward to fight for the Wendel Millions, and so add another page to a real-life story surpassing in romance, and drama, and mystery, the wildest flights of a novelist's imagination.

And now the hunt for an heir has been extended to this country.

If it succeeds this time it will not only settle the destination of the Wendel £20,000,000. It will also show that the maker of them was not the kind of man the world thought him to be.

Secretly Married?

For the latest claim sets this vital problem:—

Was John Gottlieb Wendel the eccentric and woman-hating old bachelor what he always professed to be?

Or did he secretly marry a young Scotswoman who, being about to bear him a child, fled from a palatial home in New York, passed through her confinement in the small house of some friends at Dundee, and left a baby boy to be brought up as a foster-child in ignorance of his parentage and of the possibility that he might be one of the wealthiest men in the world?

If the answer to the latter question is "Yes," the right to the ownership of £20,000,000 may be decided by that one word.

Nearly two thousand persons, employing at one time and another over a hundred and fifty lawyers, are after Wendel's vast fortune.

And nobody knows whether he was the soured and lonely misogynist bachelor or whether he had a secret wife and a still more secret son.

Old Wendel was a man of mixed ancestry who, seventy years or so ago, saw visions of a great fortune to be made in and around New York. He combined the capital left him by his father with an urging and merciless determination to make more and more money and to hold on to it. He had one faith, one belief, and that was in the future of American real estate.

Money His God

He was a shrewd, far-seeing, calculating, money-making machine, not unduly burdened with scruples, but with a hawk-like capacity of pouncing on a chance.

He formed no friendships, and his enemies feared him so much that they threatened no danger either to him or his schemes.

He prospered amazingly. Other men went down, of course, but John Gottlieb Wendel waxed amazing rich. He made real estate both his god and his slave, and by his worship of it on the one hand and his command of it on the other he built up a vast fortune. He had only one master and that was money.

He had, apparently, no weaknesses, no hobbies, no amusements, no relaxations, no physical vices.

Women were anathema. Nothing could come between him and his money-making. Or so it seemed.

Then he died.

Few mourned his passing—hardly even his sisters who inherited his wealth. John Gottlieb Wendel, a lonely, flint-hearted figure, had accomplished his ambitions and passed away unloving and unloved.

The name Wendel became synonymous with wealth and mystery.

A few years passed and only one old spinster sister was left alive. Her name was Ella. She lived in what became known as the "Mystery House" on Fifth Avenue, New York, that district of millionaires (when there were millionaires in America) which overlooks Central Park.

It was the mansion her brother had left, and it alone was worth £750,000. But it had no electric light, no telephone. The old lady pottered unhappily along with three or four servants and her pet, a little Scotch terrier.

At last, at the age of seventy-eight, she died in 1921, and left the Wendel Millions to religious and medical institutions. The mansion itself she bequeathed to a Theological Seminary.

In her will she claimed to be the "last of the Wendel clan," and its opening paragraph consisted of a declaration by her that she had "no relatives whatever."

But had she? Did her death mean that the Wendel family had disappeared from the face of the earth, or was there still more mystery?

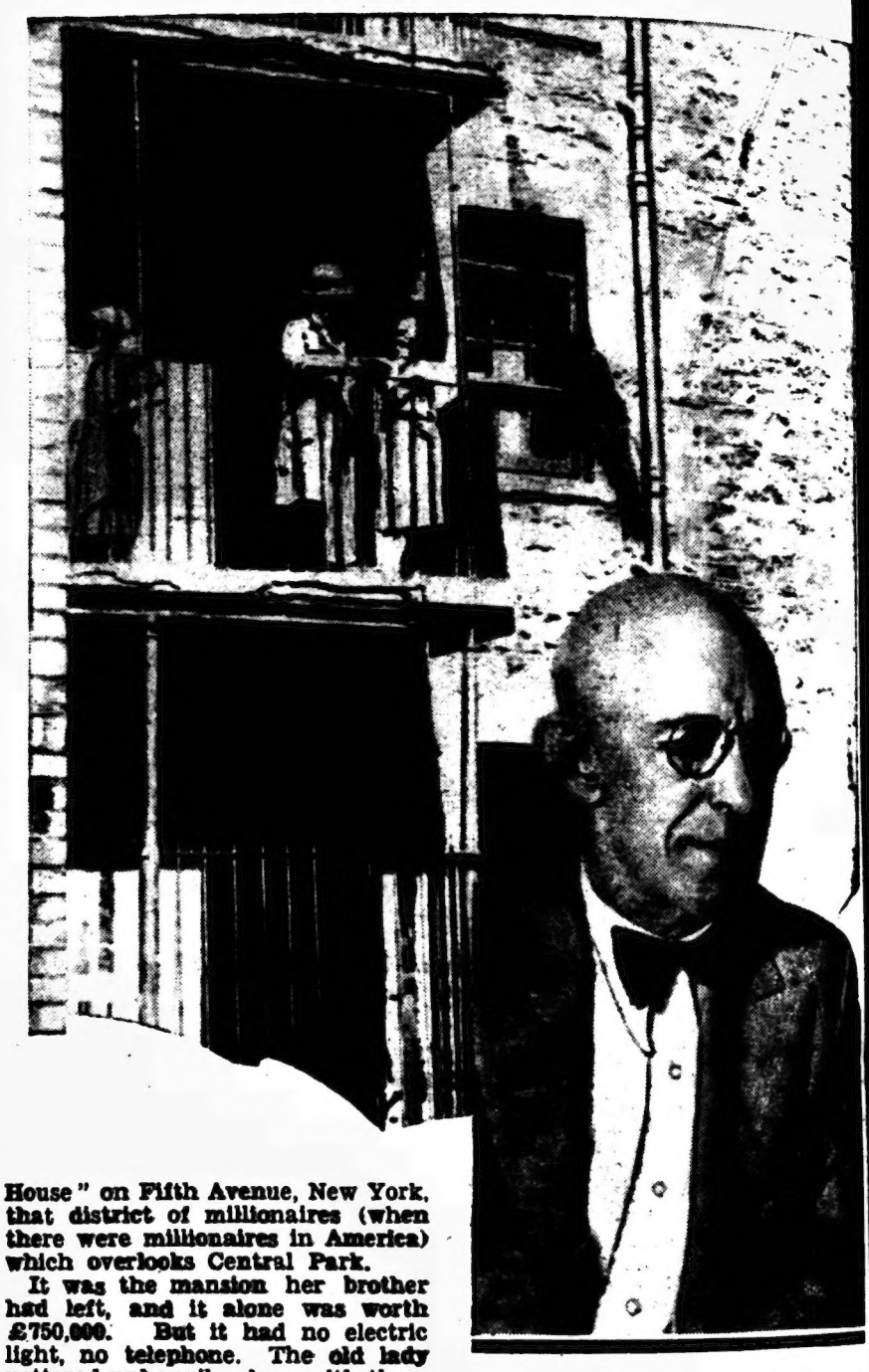
Anyway, there was a round sum of £20,000,000, and it soon became evident that lots of people very heartily objected to its going to religious and medical institutions.

The Gold Rush

Within a month claimants began to appear. Soon they were like a mighty rushing river. The offices of lawyers in New York were besieged. Sometimes there were queues at the courts.

The charitable bequests were held up. The great mansion in Fifth Avenue was inhabited by a caretaker whose only business it was to exercise himself and the Scotch terrier. It became still more the "Mystery House," and it was finally closed less than a year ago.

But the real drama that may lie behind the disputed will was not disclosed for several years, and only now is it beginning to reach its climax.



The tenement home of Thomas Patrick Morris, here seen talking with . . .

Trying their Luck

The first claimant to the millions was a seventy-four year-old spinster from Vicksburg, Mississippi. This wrinkled little woman claimed to be a relative, and wanted the £20,000,000. She did not get it.

Along came a Belgian woman, aged seventy-eight, named Amélie Wendel. She claimed to be a direct descendant of the grandfather of the woman who had died in the "Mystery House," and she asked for £10,000,000. Nothing happened beyond a swift multiplication of the number of claimants.

One man declared himself to be a first cousin. Another endeavoured to establish his right to the millions

The Human Machine

It Can Be Done!

THE world to-day presents a grand object-lesson to anyone who is capable of observing and thinking.

While other countries stagger from one crisis to another, Great Britain goes from strength to strength. While other people fly hither and thither in the search for desperate remedies, we just carry on and climb slowly but surely out of the abyss.

No matter what troubles come or what burdens have to be borne, we just grin and carry on.

There's no accident about it. That's life. What good did grumbling and worrying ever do anyone? Where did they ever lead except to dispiritment and chaos? If there is one virtue more than another that we possess as a nation it is that we have the power of making the best of things. We don't kick against the inevitable. We shrug our shoulders and get on with our jobs.

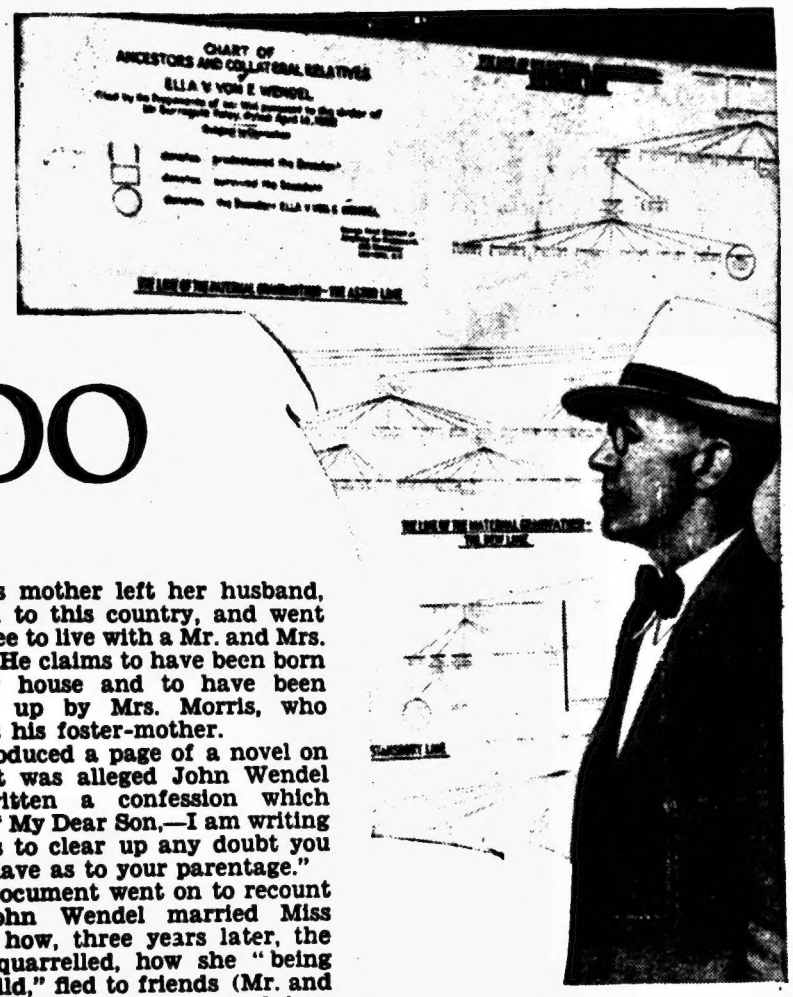
What we are doing as a nation is the only thing for the individual to do. The mental energy that most people waste in grousing and grumbling in the course of twelve months would take them straight to the top of the ladder if it was turned on to constructive work.

We can't always determine just how things will go; but we can always ensure that, no matter what happens, our spirit is not broken and our courage remains unimpaired. If things happen to go wrong we can at least see that we don't go wrong with them.

A man is a man just in so far as he rises superior to his environment and his circumstances—no more and no less. He can either mould his world or let it mould him. That is his choice.

It is only man who can take adversity and change it into success. It is a god-like power. We should be very jealous of it.

—the Heir to £20,000,000



His name isn't there. The "secret son" inspecting the Wendel ancestral chart

on some rather abstruse point which depended on relations with the Astor family.

Handfuls of the claims, of course, were without any sort of foundation. But—£20,000,000 is a lot of money. Enough to make a shot at getting it worth while. The lawyers were de-

...his lawyer about the home he hopes to get, the Wendel "Mystery Mansion"

lighted, and the Wendel Millions became almost legendary.

All this time, however, nothing happened to disturb the general belief in the manner of John Wendel's life.

Many of the things on which that belief was founded were undoubted facts. The "Mystery House" during his lifetime was a dull and gloomy place. There were no receptions, no entertainments, no music, no amusements. He just lived there with his sisters, stuffed with wealth but spending as little as possible.

Bombshell

No young life. No women visitors. The lonely woman-hater and his sisters just guarding their fortune and waiting for death.

Suddenly, only a year or two ago, came the crowning sensation. There appeared a man whose claim to the fortune was based on statements which tore into shreds the generally accepted view of the manner of the dead millionaire's life.

This new claimant did not base his claims on cousinship or relationship that went back two or three generations. He said bluntly that he was John Wendel's legal son, born in wedlock, and therefore entitled to the fortune of his father.

Here was sensation indeed, and the New York courts began to hum once more.

Was the crusty old millionaire the woman-hating bachelor that he pretended to be, or was he a married man with a son, guarding the secret of his marriage and his fatherhood from the world?

The man who so dramatically entered the lists as the sole heir to the Wendel Millions is known as Thomas Patrick Morris, born in Dundee, and by turns a sailor and a house-painter.

And he has put forward a story which makes all the other accounts of the life of John Wendel and his sisters pale into insignificance.

According to this claimant from Dundee, John Wendel secretly married Mary Ellen Devine, of Edinburgh, in New York City on June 11, 1876.

He declares that shortly before his birth his mother left her husband, returned to this country, and went to Dundee to live with a Mr. and Mrs. Morris. He claims to have been born in their house and to have been brought up by Mrs. Morris, who acted as his foster-mother.

He produced a page of a novel on which it was alleged John Wendel had written a confession which began: "My Dear Son,—I am writing you this to clear up any doubt you might have as to your parentage."

The document went on to recount how John Wendel married Miss Devine, how, three years later, the couple quarrelled, how she "being with child," fled to friends (Mr. and Mrs. Morris, of Dundee), and how "you were born" on January 3, 1880.

The remarkable writing on the page of the novel continued:

"Your mother, still refusing to be reconciled, about two weeks after your birth disappeared. I arranged with our friends to register you as their own child and care for you. You were registered as Thomas Patrick Morris, the first two names being the wish of your mother, whom I dearly loved. The foregoing statement is true. So help me God."

A Clue?

There was also produced a will written on another page of the novel. This, according to Morris's claim, left everything to him and contained a reference by Wendel to his sisters' "refusal to recognise my son by secret marriage, and their threats publicly to expose me."

Morris, when advancing his claim, declared that Wendel several times visited him at Dundee, and that, years later, they met in New York.

Morris also told how on one occasion John Wendel tried to introduce him into the "Mystery House" on Fifth Avenue. He declared: "A tall woman in black appeared and said, 'Take your brat and get out.'"

There was a further development in this astounding tale of mystery and money only a few days ago, when an American lawyer came to this country to take statements from a Manchester man regarding a death-bed declaration which is considered of some importance in connection with Morris's claim.

Death-Bed Story

The Manchester man, Mr. Bernard Morris, was reared as the brother of Thomas Patrick Morris (he who claims to be the son of John Wendel), and this is what he says:

"Tommy was brought up in my family at Dundee, and all my brothers and sisters had never a doubt that he was the son of my father and mother.

"As she lay dying in 1904, however, my mother called my sister, Rose Ann, to her bedside, and told her that Tommy was no relative of ours. She said he was the son of Mary Ellen Devine, who had come to our house when the child was expected. Within a fortnight of his being born the mother disappeared from the home while my own mother was out shopping.

"My sister Rose was induced early in the year to search an old box in which my father had kept his private papers. There she found a marriage certificate of a man named Wendel and a woman named Mary Ellen Devine.

"We used to get a mysterious packet of money from America about twice a year, and I recall four visits of a foreign-looking man to our house in the years 1895-1901.

"When this man came he always asked for Tommy, and displayed unusual affection towards him. I am convinced now that this man was none other than Wendel visiting Dundee in search of his long-lost wife."

Baffling Drama

That is the latest development in the drama of the Wendel millions, a drama that has baffled the world and some of its greatest lawyers since the old lady, Ella Wendel, died in the "Mystery House" nearly a dozen years ago.

According to one story, she knew of a marriage but would not recognise the child. According to another her brother kept the secret even from her.

But there is the almost incredible tangle, and the question of who gets £20,000,000 depends on whether the courts in New York take the view that Wendel was the bachelor everybody thought he was or whether he had his short-lived romance with the Scottish girl and produced a son.

You Told HOLLYWOOD *where to* GET OFF!

Hannen Swaffer's *Open Letter to* GRETA GARBO

MY Dear Greta,—There was a gold rush to San Francisco once. Adventurous men by the dozen flocked there, and there sprang up a mushroom town with gambling hells, and women who were called "dancers." There were riotous nights and shootings, and in a few hours fortunes were made and lost.

Things do not seem to have changed much since then, except that, nowadays, the lust for gold draws to California not the gamblers—they went in the early film days, to finance companies—but all the girls who think they are beautiful, and all the young men with faces like Buster Keaton.

The beautiful girls have had to become servants and waitresses. The Buster Keatons have had to walk home.

Still, such a case as yours, Greta, keeps them all still hopeful.

You were a lather girl in a Stockholm barber's. You made a success in a Swedish film. The director got a big offer from Hollywood. He insisted on taking you. He failed, and returned home. It was you who got the glory.

* * *

Now you have taken the place of Valentino as the most glamorous of all the film stars, and whereas, a few months ago, Ivan Kreuger, a millionaire crook, had the greatest name in Sweden, now he is a suicide, and they talk of your buying his castle.

You, my dear Greta, are one of the lucky ones. So far, no American banker has robbed you of all your wealth. Wall Street did not break you, as it did some of the others. You have not yet been divorced six times. Why, you have not even been married once.

You have the great advantage of being one of those people about whom the public quarrel. Mary Pickford was just accepted—a nice little thing. Marie Dressler beats 'em up without anybody protesting. Ruth Chatterton and Constance Bennett — well, they are just actresses.

But you! They quarrel about your figure, and they quarrel about your face. Some of them don't like your voice, and many of them don't like your feet.

So there is always a row.

I, as a critic supposed to tell the truth about acting, have continuously pointed out that you never act the part for which you are cast, but that you always act yourself.

Doris Keane acted, in "Romance," Cavallini. You acted Greta Garbo.

David Graham Phillips wrote "Susan Lenox." You, in "The Rise and Fall of Helga," as they miscalled it, once again acted yourself. You are always yourself.

And yet, what are you? "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair," wrote Kipling. It describes your thinness, your awkwardness, yes, your clumsy gait and your uncouth shapelessness.

Yet you have what none of these well-trimmed actresses have—a personality that can force itself through anything. If you played the cat in "Dick Whittington," you would still be Greta Garbo. Yet we should all wait to hear you purr.

I saw, yesterday morning in the Strand, two Greta Garbos, silly little girls who were trying to walk like you, and look like you. They had plucked eyebrows and pale faces.

* * *

Hollywood is crammed with people who dress like you, and copy your Swedish accent, and wear your clumsy outdoor clothes, and walk quickly down the street, alone, talking to nobody, attracting, as you do, attention by pretending they don't want it.

They tell me that you started it all with your tongue.

You are one of those few screen actresses with a brain. You can see through the bunk. Directors made you laugh. Scenarios made you cry. You saw all the waste of money. You heard the lies. You watched the intrigues.

And, when the reporters called, you, not knowing what you were doing because it seemed just ordinary truth to you, blurted it out.

So they asked you to shut your mouth. You obeyed, and, until you arrived in Sweden a few days ago, you did not say a word.

* * *

They once started to talk about your meanness. The truth was, of course, you did not care. You saw through all the nonsense, and you knew that Hollywood was just like the Klondike. You went there to get gold, and, when you had found it, you came away as quickly as possible.

You still despise the brainlessness of it all, and the tripe and the nonsense of it all, and, while you are content to take part in it for money, you can see through it more easily than any of the others have done, because you treat it merely as a business proposition.

Cinderella will always be the most popular story in the world. Every servant girl is at heart a Cinderella. Every girl who works in a factory, or serves in a shop, is always waiting for the Fairy Prince to stand outside, or come in and buy something, and say, "Princess, I love you."

Your life, which started with lathering chins, and will end by tickling 'em, makes that dream come nearer, whenever the poor girls sit in a cinema and see you act.

Personally, I wish you were still a lather girl.

Then even I might go into a barber's and have my chin scraped.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Major-General Sir JOHN MOORE,
Royal Army Veterinary Corps

DEAR GENERAL,—The White Scourge is slowly being beaten. But it won't be eliminated so long as four out of every ten cows supplying milk are tubercular and thus expose human beings to infection.

You "most positively affirm" that this danger can be stopped, and you advocate a compulsory inspection of dairy herds.

This is an idea that the Minister of Agriculture must not fail to consider.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. TOM GROVES, M.P.,
Stratford, London, E.

DEAR TOM,—Because you rolled up your sleeves and set about painting your own house you have been criticised for not giving unemployed painters a job.

But, as you say, with a wife and three children to keep on £6 10s. a week you couldn't afford to pay wages for work you can do yourself.

Ignore these carping critics. Some of them think that because a man writes M.P. after his name he ought to employ someone to crack his breakfast egg for him.

JOHN BULL.

SAMUEL BUFFMAN,
Leeds

WINDBAG,—You used to argue the cases of members of the National Unemployed Workers' Union before labour exchange committees, so you knew all the rules and conditions.

But for a year you drew two shillings a week in respect of your child and put the money in your pocket.

The little one became a burden on a poor widow, and later on the public assistance committee.

Now your bluff has been called, and you can spend your six weeks' imprisonment wondering how the child can keep the fifth commandment.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. NELLIE HARTLEY,
Stretford, near Manchester

DEAR MRS. HARTLEY,—You did very wrong to steal from Manchester shops. But I am surprised by your sentence of three months' imprisonment.

The magistrate was told that you have not long to live, that you have undergone four terrible operations and are waiting for yet another.

To send you to jail in these circumstances was cruel and unjust. You were a first offender, and should have been treated as such.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. C. BURROUGH,
Coroner for Portishead, Somerset

DEAR SIR,—The parents of a drowned man believe he lost his life in an attempt to help two other bathers. One of the witnesses at the inquest agreed, but you refused to hear evidence on this point.

You thus denied a crumb of comfort to the bereaved parents and fairness to the dead man.

No doubt you had some reason for your refusal, but it's difficult to find.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM ALDER,
Abingdon, Berkshire

GRAND OLD MAN,—When a little girl fell into the Thames, her brother jumped in after her but could save neither her nor himself.

So you sprinted a hundred yards, dived in, and rescued them both.

If a feat like that at the age of seventy-nine didn't entitle you to be called Grand Old Man, nothing would.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR STOCKWELL,
Clydach Vale, Glamorgan

DEAR ARTHUR,—You have certainly set up a new record. And nobody will try to beat it.

Though you fell 800 feet down a pit-shaft, you were able to walk home. It seems that the upward current of air blew open your overcoat, which acted as a parachute. Then, with quick presence of mind, you gripped the guide rope and slid to the bottom.

Congratulations on your escape!

JOHN BULL.

Judge BRADLEY,
Preston

YOUR HONOUR,—You may have amazed your sedate little court, but you earned my thanks when you vehemently refused to send a man to jail for debt.

To imprison people when there is no proof of their means to pay is out of date, you declare. True. But it still goes on.

I hope the judges who perpetuate this scandal read the story of a jailed debtor's experiences which I published last week. Then perhaps they'll follow your shining example.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK O. SALISBURY,
Hampstead, London, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—You wanted a lily pond in your garden—quite a small one. But while it was being made the local authorities spoke.

They demanded a drainage system as costly as that for a twenty-storey building.

An inspector watched the work for a week. Then you found three men carrying out a smoke test of it. In the end, the cost was quadrupled.

You, a famous portrait painter, are familiar with colours. That, sir, was Red Tape.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. PHOENIX, Manchester: You want men to refrain from attending your church in "plus fours." Some bishops have told hikers to "come along —even in hiking kit." I—and the public—are with the Bishops.—JOHN BULL.

Keep Your Eye on the FAR EAST

by A. G. GARDINER

WATCH Manchuria! In all this heaving and combustible world, that is the chief danger spot, and the explosion cannot be long delayed.

The air is thick with omens of the coming storm.

Let us glance at a few of them.

The issue of the report of the Lytton Commission, which has now completed its enquiry, is imminent, and no one doubts what its verdict on the greatest act of brigandage in history will be. That verdict will compel the League of Nations to act.

America has issued its warning already. The speech of Mr. Stimson, the Foreign Minister at Washington, has created such a sensation in Japan that Mr. Debuchi, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington, has been summoned home in headlong haste this week, and relations between the two countries are near the breaking point.

Meanwhile, the Chinese Government has fallen and the country is convulsed over the issue of immediate war to drive the Japanese out of Manchuria. That, of course, would be madness, and Chiang Kai-Shek, the greatest man China has thrown up in this emergency, is striving desperately to prevent such a disaster.

Defying the world

He knows that his country would not have a dog's chance in a war with Japan. He knows that the only result of such folly would be to play Japan's hand, to enable her to dictate terms in Pekin and to prevent the world Powers effectively intervening. Whether he can keep his hot-heads in check time will show.

If he fails, much more than China will be lost. For the issue at stake is much greater than who shall possess Manchuria. It is much greater even than whether China shall be enslaved by Japan. It is nothing less than the whole future organisation of the world.

The question is not whether Japan can pulverise China on the battlefield. Of course, she can. The question is whether Japan can tear up treaties, take territory that does not belong to her, confiscate money that does not belong to her, bombard defenceless cities and defy the public law of the world to bring her to book.

If she can do this, then all our treaties can be scrapped. Geneva can shut up shop, and the world is back to the reign of brute force.

But can she do it? She has had astonishing success so far.

The gathering storm! Mr. Stimson protests — Lord Lytton will do the same. Mr. Debuchi hurries back to Japan

It is less than a year since she made her sensational invasion of Manchuria on the pretence that her railway rights in that country had been interfered with by brigands.

She did this without a word of warning to Britain, America, France or any other of the Powers with whom she had signed the Nine-Power Treaty at Washington in 1922 forbidding any signatory to take separate action in China. She not only tore up that treaty: she defied the Covenant of the League and the Briand-Kellogg Pact, to both of which she was a party and both of which forbid acts of war without resort to arbitration.

The audacity and suddenness of the spring paralysed the world.

Stolen money

The moment had been carefully chosen. Europe and America alike had just been plunged into the most terrific financial crisis in history, and could not take up the challenge which Japan had thrown down.

The League protested and appealed to Japan to negotiate. The United States, going a bit farther, warned Japan that she could not recognise any conquest of territory seized in defiance of treaties. But no action was taken, neither military, diplomatic, nor economic. Japan had challenged the world, and the world had shrunk back, quite frankly in fear of the consequences.

Then came the second phase—the barbarous and lawless attack on Shanghai, with its appalling destruction of thousands of innocent lives and millions worth of property. It seemed that Japan, encouraged by the spectacle of a helpless world, had decided to swallow China at one mouthful.

But the mouthful was too large. It threatened to choke her. So she changed her tactics. She decided that Manchuria, a country as big as France and Germany together, was sufficient for the moment. Once effectively established there she could choose her own time for the second spring. She could gobble up China at her own convenience.

So she set about to consolidate her hold on the country. She changed its name to Manchukuo, she set up a sham government of her own, and behind this disguise she seized the customs revenues at Dairen and the other Manchurian ports—customs which belong to China and have been largely administered by British officials.

The story of this plunder has just been told in the official statement issued a few days ago by Sir Frederick Maze, the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs in China.

It is a tale of rascality as cunning and impudent as anything I have ever read. The methods by which the British and American customs officers have been forcibly ejected by the sham Manchukuo officials, with the Japanese consul looking on and pretending to have no authority in the matter, read like the wild inventions of fiction.

But the facts are indisputable. And the main fact is this: money, collected in customs duties to the amount of 26,000,000 haikwan taels, which belongs to China and is the source from which China pays its debts to Britain and other creditor Powers, is lying in the Japanese banks—*stolen money*.

That is the position. And now the world has got to make up its mind what it is going to do about it.

It can hesitate and delay no longer.

A brigand Power

Two things are plain. If civilised society can be successfully "held up" in this way by a brigand Power, then it is the end of civilised society. Treaties and covenants and pacts go by the board and we are back to the law of the jungle. No weak country will be safe from a powerful neighbour. International law will perish, and talk of disarmament will be idle, for no country will dare to risk the fate of unarmed China.

In a word, the clock will be put back centuries.

The second point is this.

We cannot buy off Japan by surrender. She has not exhausted her criminal intentions. She has only begun. Condone this and the next step will follow. She will not stop at the theft of Manchuria.

Her aim is the conquest of China and the hegemony of Asia. And once master of the East there will be no "open door" for British trade or any other trade.

There is only one course to follow if civilisation is to be saved from this terrific challenge.

Japan's bluff must be called. Her international sabotage must be stopped. She must be confronted with a united and resolute world opinion. She must be convinced that brigandage does not pay. She can only be thus convinced by being put into moral, political and economic quarantine until she has disgorged her plunder, admitted her crime and indemnified her victims.

She is wrong

Impossible? No, quite possible on one condition. Japan is gambling on the conviction that the world front will not be solid against her—that America and the League of Nations will not act together. If she is right, she wins and we can put up the shutters of civilisation.

But I think she is wrong. Mr. Stimson's speech is an assurance that the United States will marshal itself beside the League in this great matter. That is why Tokyo is alarmed and why Mr. Debuchi is hurrying back to Japan from Washington.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. A. S. Neill, of Summer Hill School, holds that

Ours is a Nice School, Ours Is!

A PEDAGOGUE, I, by profession,
But *my* school is not like those schools
Conducted upon the obsession
That all must obey certain rules;
Nor do I subscribe to the old-fashioned fad
That kids go to school to be taught;
I would not insult a high-spirited lad
By saying "You must" or "You ought."

This isn't *my* way of conducting
A school, or of training the young;
I would not descend to obstructing
An impulse of hand or of tongue.
A captain, I feel, should defer to his crew,
Nor mind if the ship they should seize;
And so I don't care what my pupils may do
As long as they do what they please!

My accounts of the "model" school I conduct in Suffolk seem to have shocked some who subscribe to the quaint idea that a schoolmaster should be master in his own school.

This is not my way of doing things. To my pupils I am just "Neill," while the chemistry master is invariably addressed as "Corky," which, you must admit, is nice and matey.

But my notions of mateyness are carried to much greater lengths than this. So far, in fact, that some members of my audience thought I was pulling their legs when I told them that I once saw a lad in a temper break twenty-four windows at the school, and all I did was to draw his attention to one pane that he had missed.

The repair bill was enormous, but I feel convinced that the dear boy felt all the better for his outburst, for children, as a rule, love smashing things.

My boast that "the most unimportant part of my school is learning," and that I act on the principle that if a youngster does not wish to learn, it is better to leave him alone seems specially to have annoyed some old-fashioned pedagogues.

They assert that to run a school on these lines is as easy as it would be to conduct a business on the principle that it doesn't matter tuppence whether one sells one's goods or whether one's employees work or loaf. But, believe me, my job is not nearly so easy as some people think.

Liberty for the young is easy to talk about, but it is difficult, and sometimes even painful, to put into practice. If, for example, a pupil wishes to kick me, I have to submit to being kicked; for to thwart a child's natural impulses is liable to produce all kinds of dangerous complexes.

If a youngster would play, or smash windows all day,
Or make pies in the headmaster's hat,
I would not obstruct his high jinks to instruct
Him regarding King Henry the Fat.
If spelling I find only vexes his mind,
Or arithmetic bores him to tears,
And he shows his dislike by then going on strike.
I award him—three loud British cheers.

When I think of the fools who are now running schools
And seeking their pupils to teach,
Although this annoys the unfortunate boys,
I wish I'd a gun within reach!
If they act in this way there will soon come a day—
A fact that they don't understand—
When their jobs will all go; for, alas there'll be no
Real ignorance left in the land!

After the B.B.C. calls

by a Broadcasting Official

"I *HAVE been asked to broadcast this S O S message. . . Will the relatives of John Smith, who is lying dangerously ill in hospital, go at once to——?"*

The speaker is a B.B.C. announcer, who, interrupting the ordinary programme, is sending out an urgent summons, hoping that the person for whom it is intended is among the millions of those with wireless sets.

Every user of a radio set has listened breathlessly to S O S calls of this sort. But that is all they hear. They never know what human dramas lie behind those brief, urgent calls over the ether.

They may be rocking with laughter in their fireside armchairs over the jokes of their favourite comedian. Then all at once the announcer intervenes. . . .

Night search

And they hear that a child is dying in some fishing port and her father, who is "somewhere in the Irish Sea," is asked to hasten to the infant's bedside.

That is all. Then the comedian's voice is heard again. The S O S announcer has done his job.

But away in the Irish Sea that work of mercy is being carried on.

The wanted father—and this is an actual case from our records—was an engineer on board a drifter, which had no wireless on board.

The captain of another drifter in the vicinity, who picked up the message, knew this and at once set out in search of the other vessel. It was night and a storm was raging, but after some hours of intensive searching she was at last sighted, and the second drifter came up alongside. Above the noise of the storm the message was shouted across.

The drifter with the father aboard immediately hauled in her nets and headed for port, and within twelve hours of the appeal being broadcast he had landed at Fleetwood and taken train for home.

Snatched from death

He found that his little girl had been continually asking for him, and she was overjoyed by the reunion. Before he left for sea again she had taken a turn for the better.

Many of our most dramatic messages are sent out to men working on these trawlers, some of whom stay out at sea for three months at a stretch with never a word of news from their wives and families. When someone is dangerously ill at home the wireless is the only way of reaching them.

On an average we send out a message to the trawlers about once a week.

One of the most remarkable instances of a life being saved by an S O S was that of a London woman. She had been missing from home and the police requested us to broadcast an appeal for information as to her whereabouts.

The porter of the block of flats where she was living with her mother happened to be listening-in that evening and said to himself, "Why, that's Miss—— they're wanting."

The next morning while on duty he saw Miss —— return and go up to the flat, which he knew was empty because the mother had gone out half an hour before.

"That's queer," he thought. "They sent out an S O S for her last night and the police were asking for information. I'll just ring them up." And he did.

The police immediately telephoned the woman's doctor, who had originally asked them to broadcast the appeal. The doctor told them to go at once to the flat and if they could get no reply to break in the door. This the police did and found the woman lying there with the room full of gas. A few minutes later and it would have been too late.

Here are two touching stories of reunions I should like to tell:

One is of an old man of eighty-three, who was knocked down by a car and seriously hurt. In hospital he kept asking for a daughter he had not seen for nine years. So an S O S was sent out. The daughter was found and a reunion took place before the old man died.

The other concerns a boy who lay dying at his home in Wales. Three brothers were at his bedside, but the fourth was nobody knew where, and the dying boy wanted to see him.

Ambitious widow

The S O S accomplished the miracle. It discovered the missing brother working as a waiter in a London hotel and sent him hurrying back to Wales in time to see his brother before he died.

An unusual S O S was for a lost overcoat. It belonged to a doctor and had a deadly poison in one of the pockets. He was very relieved when he got it back again with the poison intact.

Requests for S O S broadcasts which we have to turn down are another story. Some of them are very funny. There was a woman who thought the B.B.C. might be induced to act as a free matrimonial agency. So she asked us to broadcast the following:

Widow would like to meet suitable man view matrimony, forty years old, no children, well educated, with some means and in good health.

She did not seem to understand why we refused.

Another woman had backed the winner of the Cambridgeshire with a bookmaker who turned out to be a welsher. She wanted us to tell the story and give the man's name in order that people would be warned against making bets with him in future.

Strange requests

But it is not only women who give us the laughs. Here is a story about a man:

His wife had run away and left him, so he wanted us to ask for information as to her whereabouts and say he offered £5 reward to anyone who brought her back, when she would get "a darned good hiding."

He was pained at our polite refusal.

One appeal caused me real regret when I had to refuse it. It was contained in a letter from a young girl.

She had been left by her parents with an elderly couple in a little country village when she was a tiny child. Gradually these two old friends had lost touch with her parents and she had grown up without seeing them or knowing where they were.

The two kind old guardians were now dead and the girl, alone in the world, wanted to find her parents. So her first thought was to ask us to help her.

It was a charming, simple, touching letter that she wrote and it was very hard to refuse her. But the B.B.C. rule is inexorable.

S O S appeals are only broadcast when it is a matter of life or death, or when the police for any reason request it.

All we ask

It is absolutely essential that this rule should be rigidly observed. Otherwise the number of appeals would quickly become so great as to be unmanageable. With too many being sent out their urgent nature would also be destroyed. So the sifting has to go on carefully.

The S O S department of the B.B.C. does its best to help the public in cases of emergency. But we are human—we do like to know the end of the story. And so often people do not bother to tell us.

We like to know whether the appeal was successful. So if you know anyone who ever has to ask our help will you remind them that a letter telling us what happened "afterwards" is all the reward we ask.

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Needless Pain

WE all know only too well that the causes of some of the most dreadful sufferings that human beings have to endure are beyond our power to prevent.

Despite the amazing triumphs of modern surgery, for instance, there are still some forms of incurable disease which cause their victims great agony; and nothing is harder to bear than to witness a dear one die in pain.

The same applies to distresses too colossal and widespread for human remedy. Convulsions of Nature come under this head, and mysterious epidemics like that which carried off millions of people in the early part of 1919. The truly harrowing thing in such visitations is not the toll they take of human life, but the anguish they cause to human hearts.

How wrong we are then to inflict pain on ourselves or others which we not only need not bear, but are the worse for bearing! If we could eliminate all this avoidable pain from the world there would be comparatively little left to trouble about.

Many people keep themselves miserable through groundless fears; others through letting themselves be mastered by an envious spirit; others through hugging a grievance fancied or real.

The memory of something that an enemy has said or done rankles and festers till it poisons all your enjoyment of life. It is said that women give way to this more than men, but I doubt it. There are men so dominated by it that it sours their disposition and makes them difficult to live with.

The folly of allowing feelings like these to cause us pain is obvious; but the best of people are liable to be disquieted at times by influences equally illusory.

Perhaps we are thrown into daily association with someone whose very personality rubs us the wrong way; we instinctively dislike him and everything he does annoys us.

Or we see a self-seeking humbug playing for his own hand to our disadvantage, acting a lie and getting away with it; and it makes us so angry that we scarcely know a moment's peace, especially if we can do nothing about it.

Or we have found a vicious liar at work destroying our good name, and we cannot prove the falsity of the accusation or unmask the real enemy. What suffering this can occasion to a sensitive spirit!

None of all this should have power to do more than send a momentary shadow over the mind of a self-respecting man or woman. Firmly refuse to be robbed of inward poise by what ill-wishers and ill-livers choose to say or do.

A well-known statesman once said to me that he stopped worrying about slanders when he realised how little impression they made on the people who knew him. They did not matter.

Be content to be yourself—but let it be your best self. It will arm you with a dignity that will preserve you from needless pain.

Disgraceful Treatment of "M2" Dependents

LOST Submarine Sensation

They saluted the dead. We cannot salute the Admiralty for its heartless treatment of the dead's dependents

THERE has been indignant comment in the Press regarding the shamefully meagre allowances that are being made to widows and orphans of the various ratings who perished in the *M2* disaster.

But so far no one has raised a voice to enquire how the dependents of single men have fared.

JOHN BULL has discovered that many of them are being monstrously neglected, and their plight is one which deserves immediate and sympathetic consideration by the Admiralty.

Consider the case of the aged parents of the late Leading Steward Frank Oliver. They live in humble circumstances at Guildford Street, Southampton, and the father has been unemployed now for over sixteen months.

Not *a penny*

Their boy, Frank, who had served with the *M2* for five or six years, had made over ten shillings of his pay to them, and it had been a godsend to this hard-pressed little household.

When the *M2* sank, this weekly allowance sank, too.

With exceptional efficiency the Admiralty demanded the return of Frank's ring-paper in the same week, thereby ensuring that the poor parents could not draw a penny more once their dear one lay at the bottom of the sea.

Of course, no money could compensate these old people for the loss of their son, but it adds to their grief to think that a country for which Frank had given his young life should be so indifferent to the welfare of those he had left behind.

They had followed Frank's career with intense interest and had often been taken aboard the *M2* in happier days. "I knew the ship as well as I know my own kitchen," is the mother's poignant comment.

The plight of this old couple is typical of others we have investigated.

There is Mrs. Keay, of Belle Vue Road, Southampton. She lost her nephew, Leading Aircraftsman Frank Harman, R.A.F., in this terrible disaster.

He was twenty-five, and she had brought him up as a son from childhood, and in return he had shown his gratitude by making her a weekly allowance from his pay.

As in the case cited above, this allowance was officially stopped without a moment's delay and without any enquiry as to her circumstances.

She had taken pride in the fact that her boy was in that section of the Navy which even in peace time is exposed to deadly perils.

Who can wonder now that there is a tinge of bitterness in her heart when she remembers her lost boy?

Nor has this lonely woman, who reared this boy and made it possible for him to enter the Service, been able to claim any of the arrears of pay that were due to Frank Harman at the time of his tragic end.

Here, of course, the Air Ministry is responsible, and it has shown itself every bit as adamant and indifferent as the Admiralty.

Mother's letter

From Plymouth comes a pathetic letter, written by Mrs. Edwards, whose son was also among the ill-fated submarine's victims.

She tells us that he had always made her an allowance of ten shillings weekly, but the vessel was no sooner reported as missing than she received a communication from the Admiralty ordering her to return the ring-paper at once.

Her son was "presumed dead," the letter announced, so her allowance must be stopped.

Since then she has managed to claim two weeks' arrears of pay and has been given a small sum that was realised by the sale of some of her boy's belongings.

But there has been no word of any compensation, nor has she received anything from the fund raised by the public.

Apart from the shock of bereavement, these are anxious days for her because her husband cannot find work. "If I am not eligible for something," she writes sadly, "then I would like to know who is."

Her total income from all sources is £1 17s. 3d. a week, out of which she must pay 13s. 6d. rent. So far, she laments, all her letters of appeal have brought nothing but professions of sympathy and regret that nothing can be done for her.

Then there is an Edinburgh mother, Mrs. Ferguson, of Marchmont Road, who lost her boy Douglas—a stoker in the *M2*.

He is the second son she has given to her country, for her eldest boy was reported "missing" in the war.

Yet all this counts for nothing. She has been shown no more consideration than other relatives of single victims.

The Admiralty is sorry to have to announce her tragic loss, but it regrets that nothing can be done in the way of allowing compensation or pension.

This is the cold official view. But it will meet with little approval from the generous-hearted British public.

Money may be scarce, but it isn't scarce enough yet to justify the Admiralty in penalising the mother of brave sons.

Parents' shock

It would be possible to cite other cases to show the enormity of this scandal, for eighteen of the seamen who perished in the *M2* were single, as also were two Leading Aircraftsmen, one of whom we have already mentioned.

The other was the son of Gosport parents, who have not been helped in any way, though the mother has not fully recovered from the shock and has had to be sent away for treatment.

Finally, we may mention Engine-room Artificer Edward Jackson, a single young man who is typical of the many fine fellows who lived and died in the best traditions of the Navy.

His parents live in Southsea and have never ceased to mourn his untimely end. The mother, like others bereaved in this terrible submarine disaster, is still suffering from shock; but nothing whatever has been done for her by the authorities.

Nation's debt

Is it not deplorable that a tragedy which stirred the whole nation should be followed by all these minor tragedies?

Is it not disgraceful that those who have given their loved ones in the service of the country should turn to that country for succour in vain?

The loss of the *M2* and her heroic crew may have been inevitable; but it is certainly not inevitable that the bereaved dependents of those heroes should experience added sufferings.

Something can and must be done for everyone who is in the slightest want. It is the nation's debt, and must be paid.

A Telegraphic Trickster

TELEGRAMS play a leading part in the confidence coups of a trickster named Ralph Burton, who has just favoured Wales with a flying visit.

He arrived at Rhyd-ddu, in Carnarvon, a week or so ago and booked apartments for ten days, saying that he was travelling in Wales and expected shortly to be joined by a relative.

His car, he explained, was in Carnarvon for repairs and his chauffeur had remained behind there and would follow on at a later date.

* * *

After a day or two, however, the genial Mr. Burton received a telegram and announced a change of plans. He must go to Carnarvon to instruct his man to drive to Birmingham as soon as possible to collect certain parcels that were waiting for him there.

When he returned from this errand he confided to his landlady that everything had been arranged satisfactorily. The car was in running order; the chauffeur had left for Birmingham and would probably bring his relative back with him, so that accommodation must be reserved accordingly.

The next incident in this distinguished lodger's life was the arrival of a telegram which seemed to occasion him some annoyance.

He told his landlady that his relative could not come for a day or two and pretended to be worried as he was short of cash.

This was most disappointing, he declared, for it would mean the upsetting of all his plans.

The outcome was that the landlady, scenting good business, agreed to oblige her gentlemanly lodger by cashing a personal cheque for £5.

* * *

Mr. Burton no sooner got the money when he went out for a walk. Then another telegram arrived—for the landlady, this time. It was from her lodger and intimated that he had unexpectedly met a friend and might be a little late in getting back.

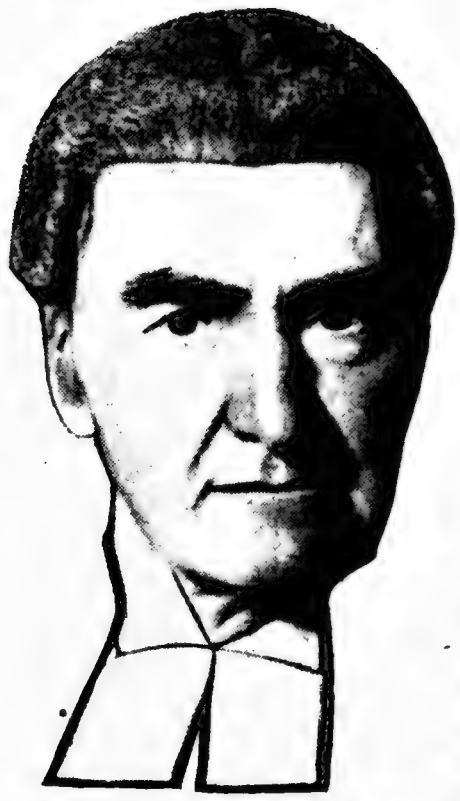
As a matter of fact he never has been back. But his cheque has, and is marked "No Account."

Favourite's Return

"Huckabee" of the big round tortoiseshell glasses from Concord, Mass., is back. Yes, sir! And how he struts his stuff!

The old *Passing Show* favourite performs in new adventures which you may read in the *Passing Show Summer Annual*—100 pages of clean, riotous fun for sixpence.

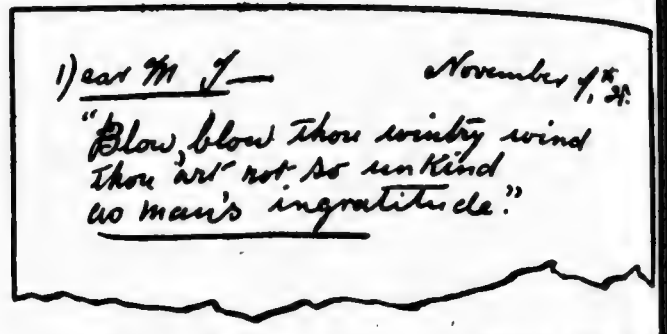
Hurry and buy a copy to-day. They are getting scarce. The pierrot on the cover will act as your guide to the world's best tonic for the blues.



Mr. Justice Talbot—he rightly described Cooper as "incorrigible"

Quick retribution follows a John Bull Article

The BORN BLACKGUARD'S Meanest Act



A facsimile extract from Cooper's hypocritical letter to the benefactor he betrayed.

WE have sometimes had to deplore the law's delays, but the conviction of "The Cathedral Crook," Robert Arthur Cooper, is an example of swift justice that we can gladly praise.

Cooper was exclusively exposed in our issue of July 30 when we alone of all the papers in Britain told how he had cruelly imposed upon American women on holiday in this country.

Within five days of the appearance of our article, Cooper was arrested on the very charges we had levelled against him, and the police are to be highly commended for their prompt and skilful intervention.

Then, before another week had elapsed, he had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Sensational life

The story of Cooper's exploits has, since his conviction, provided all the newspapers with picturesque "copy"; but it is easy to be wise *after* the event.

Not one of these papers had the temerity to expose him when he was still operating. Now they have filled columns with his record and have made much of the fact that he has spent twenty-five of his last twenty-nine years in prison, and that the longest period he has ever been at large is seventeen weeks.

A lot of people may imagine that Cooper is one of those unfortunate criminals who never had a chance. They may picture him as being clapped back into jail with monotonous and relentless persistency before he had a fair opportunity of rehabilitating himself.

Hardened rogue

Nothing could be further from the truth. Cooper is an incorrigible rogue. He has been shown extraordinary indulgence and has had unusual opportunities of reforming and winning back to respectability had he but chosen to take them.

But he is a crook who cannot go straight, and we can here reveal certain hitherto unpublished episodes in his career to prove it.

In August, 1928, when he came out of Dartmoor, where he had been serving a five years' sentence for false pretences, he was handed over to the special care of an experienced probation officer in the Midlands.

The Central Association for the Aid of Discharged Prisoners was specially interested in his case, and went out of its way to give him the best possible chance of settling down into honest employment.

It furnished the Probation Officer with full details of Cooper's qualifications and asked that he should be befriended and assisted, if possible, to enable him to become self-supporting.

Cooper could scarcely have fallen into better hands. The officer in question is a man of wide experience and great humanity, and he fully realised that he had in Cooper a difficult subject.

In order to keep him under the closest possible observation he secured lodgings for Cooper with friends near to his own home.

It was arranged that Cooper should call round each morning for a friendly chat, and each evening he came to dinner with the Probation Officer and was admitted to the family circle as a friend.

No reference was ever made to his chequered past. The future was discussed hopefully and every effort was made to enable him to forget his old associations.

If anything could create a new desire to go straight and win the lasting respect of his fellows, the cordial reception which Cooper received in the Probation Officer's household should have succeeded.

But this man was so devoid of finer feeling that he almost immediately began to scheme in secret in order to take advantage of his host's kindness and generosity.

Within two weeks of his release on licence he left the lodgings that had been found for him with his benefactor's friends and obtained rooms with a woman who knew nothing of his past.

To his new landlady he represented himself as a relative of the Probation Officer and pretended that another relative was financing him in a new garage venture.

Heartless fraud

He cruelly suggested that immense profits were to be made, and induced the woman to entrust him with £150 to invest on her behalf.

Then he fled the district, and the Probation Officer was left to make the sorry discovery that all his kindness had been expended in vain.

Immediately after that, Cooper went to an adjoining town and masqueraded as the assistant engineer from a local works.

In this guise he "engaged" a woman secretary, obtaining £50 from her father as a "guarantee" of her integrity!

Again he passed on to another town, where he worked a similar trick. Then, doubtless encouraged by the success that was attending his efforts so soon after his release, he tried a bolder game.

Wearing an elaborate disguise, which included a wig and horn-rimmed spectacles, he went to Wolverhampton and posed as the prospective purchaser of a car.

Kindness wasted

Selecting the vehicle of his choice, he demanded to be taken for a long trial run. As it happened, he rather overacted his part, and on his return from this run he was arrested on suspicion.

Suspicion became conviction when the wig was removed and the inimitable Cooper stood revealed; and once again he returned to jail for a further five years' penal servitude. In passing sentence at Stafford Assizes, Mr. Justice Talbot denounced him as "incorrigible."

His Lordship was right. Cooper can never claim that he has never had a fair chance.

Had he chosen to take advantage of the opportunities that were placed in his way he might have lived down his past, for the kindly Midlands Probation Officer and his wife were personally interested in his case.

His shameful abuse of their kindness and hospitality is one of the worst instances of an habitual criminal's ruthlessness that has ever been brought to our notice.

Yet from his cell in Birmingham prison Cooper wrote long, whining letters to his benefactors; letters full of hypocrisy and doubtless inspired by a desire to win back confidence for his own base ends.

Unashamed

Some of his jail letters are before us now, and they afford some interesting sidelights upon this arch-rogue's character.

He opens one with the famous quotation:

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude. . . ."

Then he goes on to say that he supposes thoughts of this nature must have been passing through his late benefactor's mind; that the bitterest thoughts must have been his most constant companion.

"You took me—straight from penal servitude—into your home," he admits, "fed, and partly clothed me: gave me your companionship, as did your wife; *inter alia*, thus ensuring to me the happiest month of my life in the course of years."

Then, after pretending contrition for "what would appear" his base ingratitude, he tries to suggest that it was not deliberately intended and that he was really longing for an opportunity of making good.

Beyond help

There are pages in this strain in which Cooper declares that he had no intention of misusing the £150 obtained from his landlady; that he ran away for fear of being "misunderstood and misconstrued."

Although he was not to be taken in a second time, the Probation Officer offered to write to Cooper's mother, about whose welfare the prisoner had expressed concern. How concerned he really was may be gauged from the fact that he ignored this kind offer and refused to divulge his mother's address.

Cooper is clearly a rogue who is beyond redemption. We have shown how carelessly he threw away a truly splendid chance and repaid kindness with callous betrayal.

In passing the latest sentence upon him, His Honour Judge Sturgess was well justified in characterising his frauds as "brutal."

Cooper deserves to be remembered as the crook who simply couldn't go straight.

An Artful Archer

OUR spelling-books used to tell us that "A stands for Archer who shot at a frog"; Mr. William Robert Archer is a financier whose quarry is the public.

Quite recently he occupied an office in the Paddington district of London and was busily advertising his willingness to advance large sums to finance genuine businesses.

One client who sought his aid was assured that it would be the easiest thing in the world to raise £4,000 on a mortgage.

So plausible was Mr. Archer that the client readily paid the various preliminary fees demanded, relying upon the financier's promise of early completion.

Before the transaction was carried through, however, Mr. Archer disappeared from the district, and since then there have been numerous anxious callers at his deserted office, most of whom have been clients who have similarly parted with preliminary fees in the expectation of receiving substantial cash advances.

Maj-General Sir Wyndham Childs *Shows Up*

A Very Shady BANK

MY attention has been directed lately to a publication which is alleged to be a "supplement" to "The Bankers' Gazette." It is a most interesting document in many ways, and, on the face of things, would appear to be the organ of sound banking institutions.

But from investigations I have had made, I am able to reveal it as a spurious sheet which serves no other purpose than that of providing rogues with a convenient screen for launching attacks upon the investing public.

No one would guess it, though, because it purports to be authorised by the Federated European Bank, Ltd., which is an impressive enough title for anyone.

Touting by telephone is one of this bank's objectionable practices

But when I look into this bank's history I am not at all impressed.

In recent times its offices have changed from Chancery Lane, London, W.C., to Clerkenwell Road, E.C., and finally to Piccadilly, W.

And I have no hesitation in saying that its affairs merit the attention of the Board of Trade.

I have traced its history back to 1929, when, with a nominal capital of £10,000, it was known as Caprotti's Bank, Ltd., being formed by an Italian named Diomede Caprotti, whose affairs are now in the Bankruptcy Court.

For some reason best known to himself, Caprotti later changed the name of the bank to its present ambitious form.

Huge campaign

Then, with the nominal capital increased to £40,000, a share-pushing campaign was launched through the very effective medium of cleverly drawn-up printed matter.

I regret to say that numerous people have been imposed upon already in a most audacious fashion.

Craftily - worded circulars have latterly found their way into the hands of countless small investors in all parts of the country.

No pains have been spared in pointing out the "great advantages" to be reaped by conducting share transactions through a bank; but no excuse has been offered for approaching strangers with unsolicited offers of this sort.

The Bank's directors are given on the notepaper as J. W. Bell and F. Williams; but I can reveal that a man whose name does not appear provides the real brain behind the venture.

This is a Mr. Edward Coates, who was notorious in the City a few years ago as a swindler of the worst type.

He robbed investors of tens of thousands of pounds, and as the Public Prosecutor stepped in and put an end to his schemes, it is scarcely surprising that he now feels prompted to remain anonymous in the Federated European Bank's affairs.

Coates, I have no hesitation in saying, is unscrupulous to a degree, for while remaining well behind the scenes in this venture, he can claim countless fresh victims with small danger of being identified.

Exclusive information obtained by my investigation department enables me here to reveal how this spurious banking venture has been latterly conducted in association with Mr. Coates.

A clerk is given a list of names of likely victims—probably compiled from the crook's private records of former ramps.

Under Coates' instructions these unsuspecting investors are carefully canvassed, a circular being first sent urging the sale of certain shares.

The names of reputable companies have been lightly used, I may say, and there have been several complaints in this connection alone.

Preliminary circulars are followed by telegrams urging the purchase of certain shares through the bank.

Then long-distance telephone calls are put through by Coates' most experienced lieutenants, with the final result that investors are unwittingly persuaded to buy worthless stock.

Another ramp

Complaints concerning the impudent methods employed are rife, and where transactions have occurred they naturally began with the belief that the offers emanated from a genuine bank.

But it is gratifying, in some small measure, to find that everything has not gone smoothly in the Coates camp.

Several of his underlings, I happen to know, have found eventually that his methods are just a little bit too unscrupulous for them.

I am not surprised, for in one instance Coates instructed a man to take an office for a share-pushing campaign and then suggested that he had better change his name immediately so that his identity would be lost in the event of any trouble ensuing!

He did not tell this cat's paw that he had been heavily fined himself on one occasion for indulging in a little name-changing trick!

In addition to the Federated European Bank venture Coates has also been behind other impudent ramps which enjoyed high-sounding titles.

Sir Arthur Maxwell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., as president of the Institute of Bankers, would frown upon the irregular methods here exposed

These, I find, had similar aims and objects, and some offered, through underlings, to earn profits for clients at the fabulous rate of 100 per cent.!

Why any organisation which possesses the secret of such a rapid road to wealth should be so generous as to exploit it for the benefit of strangers is something which I do not pretend to be able to explain.

But I strongly urge the public to put any of the bank's circulars straight into the wastepaper-basket.

Stop him!

Before Coates was prosecuted a few years ago he had raised upwards of £40,000 from dupes, and if I can do anything to stop him from repeating past performances, I certainly shall.

It would be extremely interesting to hear what Sir Arthur Maxwell, the distinguished president of the Institute of Bankers, thinks of a bank which practises the irregularities I have here described!

Meanwhile I commend the facts I have here disclosed to the attention of the Board of Trade.

Trade "Protection" Swindle

CRUEL frauds have just been staged in Manchester by a trickster who has gained confidence by pretending to represent a trade protection society.

One of his victims is an unemployed man who advertised for work and was promptly favoured with a letter from the British Commercial Enquiry Service, of Upper Brook Street, Manchester.

At an interview that was later arranged he was promised a post in charge of a local office at a commencing salary of £3 10s. a week, with increases of 10s. every three months until he reached £5 10s. a week.

He was assured that the concern was affiliated to the London Association for the Protection of Trade, and it was explained that his duties would mainly consist of collecting debts on behalf of the firm's clients.

* * *

In view of the amount of money he would thus be called upon to handle, it was stipulated that the new employee must deposit £25 as security.

This request seemed reasonable enough, especially as the business appeared to be flourishing.

Our reader started his new duties and for the first six or seven weeks he had little to complain of. He was kept quite busy and his stipulated salary was always paid promptly.

Then the principal, a man named Henry Howard, suddenly disappeared, leaving the new employee to discover that he was only one of a number of men who had been similarly engaged for posts with the British Commercial Enquiry Service

When the various victims got together and began to make enquiries they found that there was no real business and no such organisation as the London Association for the Protection of Trade.

Everything, it transpired, had been a figment of the missing Mr. Howard's imagination.

In Manchester alone there are young men who have been left stranded in this venture with individual claims for sums ranging from £10 to £100. This is quite apart from the numerous clients who have parted with a guinea as a year's subscription to the now defunct British Commercial Enquiry Service.

So Mr. Henry Howard is a very much wanted man!

* * *

Another much-wanted rascal is James Norton, who, until recently, was also operating in Manchester.

By advertising for a "handyman" he got in touch with a reader whom he induced to part with £15 on the promise of a certain eleven months' work.

Actually, the work did not even last eleven days, for Norton has now absconded, leaving a number of similar dupes anxiously seeking for him.

For Film Lovers

Don't miss the "Film Lovers' Annual"!

This handsome volume, printed entirely in photogravure and magnificently bound, has caught the spirit of the screen in a new and captivating way.

A big feature is the Pictorial Review of Nineteen Outstanding Pictures of the Year . . . "Good-night, Vienna," "The Miracle Man," "Sunshine Susie" and the rest.

Alluring portraits taken from new angles, real life fairy tales from Hollywood, Hot News Pictures, Thrills and Spills . . . here is a volume to keep and to treasure. Wonderful value for 2s. 6d.

ON the TOP of Your HEAD

Tell Tale Signs of the Years. 1. Receding above Brows. 2. Wide "Parting" 3. Bald Spot at Crown.

WHAT DO OTHERS SEE?

BALD PATCH—GREYNESS—WIDE PARTING—or LUXURIOUS CROWNING GLORY?

"It all depends upon yourself," says noted Specialist, and he offers to PROVE IT FREE to "JOHN BULL" Readers.

SEE FORM AT FOOT.

"THANKS to an important discovery, the growth of your Hair is now under your own control. No matter your age, occupation, sex, or circumstances, you can be the proud possessor of a luxurious head of hair in a few weeks from to-day, and look many years younger than your present age."

So states Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Hair Scientist, Principal of the Renew Hair Institute, and benefactor of hundreds of thousands of sufferers from hair and scalp troubles.

WONDERFUL NEW HAIR-FORCING POWER.

Being convinced that there must still be many people who have no personal knowledge of his discovery, Mr. Godfrey is to-day announcing a splendid GIFT OFFER, which will demonstrate in homes all over the country this marvellous new hair-forcing power, more emphatically than any amount of mere assertion.

A THREE-FOLD GIFT.

To every case, if application is made on the form below, he will dispatch, without any obligation, a threefold hair-growing gift viz.:—

1. Trial Supply of Radio-active Hair Tonic.

2. His Book on Hair Growth and Maintenance.

3. Personal Letter of Advice about your Hair problem.

This Free Offer is Open to all sufferers from any and every form of Hair or Scalp Trouble, including:—

1. Weak impoverished hair.

2. Dull, faded, or grey hair.

3. Baldness—partial, patchy, or complete.

4. Splitting, brittle hair.

5. Scurfy or greasy scalp.

6. Dry, irritable scalp.

7. Hair brushing out excessively.

8. White or grey patches.

SEND NO MONEY

By a special arrangement readers of 'John Bull' are to receive a Trial Supply of Frederick Godfrey's Hair Tonic FREE. £1,000 GUARANTEE that the brief reports printed here are genuine extracts from reports in Mr. Godfrey's possession. They are selected from many thousands of similarly appreciative letters.

You can see for yourself the wonderful progress your treatment has made. I must bless the day I wrote to you, for slowly but surely I have grown a beautiful head of hair which is admired by everybody.—Miss E.N.S.

Brampton.

You will see that I am completely cured now and have a lovely head of hair of which I feel very proud after having been completely bald on the back of my head, and having several patches in front. (Signed) D. Loman.

I was bald all over my head. I consulted Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Hair Specialist of Whatstandwell, Matlock, and by virtue of his advice and Treatment my hair has been fully restored. All baldness has now disappeared. Within one week of Mr. Godfrey's Treatment being used I could see signs of new hair appearing. I, therefore, persevered with the Treatment and I am now able to state that my hair is in perfect condition, due entirely to Mr. Godfrey's Treatment and advice.
(Signed) ERNEST GREGORY.

Slough.

My hair is growing lovely, it is black and curly on top. I was quite bald six weeks ago. The doctors were surprised to see how it had grown. I enclose photos. (Mrs.) F. WILLIS.

Read some of the letters on this page, and you will glean an idea of the wonderful growth-compelling power of his great discovery. They are representative of an enormous mass of correspondence—thanks, praise, and congratulations—from the regular post-bag of the Renew Hair Institute.

RADIUM WATER FROM UNDERGROUND SPRING.

Whence comes this hair-growing power? Firstly, from the RADIO-ACTIVE Water from the celebrated Thermal Spring on Mr. Godfrey's freehold property near Matlock Bath, and which is used in his Tonic Lotion. Secondly, he is a scientific worker, and embodies his discovery in over two hundred different formulæ to suit different hair conditions.

NEARLY A QUARTER-MILLION BENEFITED.

Now, while this offer is still before you, examine the top of your head in the mirror. See for yourself what is happening to your hair. If you notice the slightest cause for anxiety, take instant action, and post the coupon. Don't delay until the trouble becomes plain to other people—until women friends sympathise with you and men friends "chip" you about it.

Mr. Godfrey will gladly assist you. He is intensely interested in all hair ailments, especially the uncommon types. That is why he is to-day the most widely discussed and consulted specialist in the world, and certainly the most successful. In fact, his cases now exceed 220,000.

GROW A FINE HEAD OF HAIR—THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

What he has done for others you may confidently anticipate that he will do for you. Even if yours is an "extreme case," completely bald or entirely grey, it is worth trying just as much as if your hair were merely "thin on top," lustreless, or of poor quality, or bald in small patches.

Do not wait while the trouble spreads. Grasp this wonderful three-in-one gift, which is Mr. Godfrey's method of expressing his business motto: "The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number."

START GROWING NEW HAIR — NOW

SEND THIS FORM

Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Discoverer of Direct Method of Hair Growth.

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY (J.B. Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio Active Hair Tonic, your Book and Letter of Advice. I enclose two 1½d. stamps value 3d. to cover postage and packing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Please Print in Block Capitals.....

If a Tube of the famous Godfrey Follex Shampoo is also required, please enclose extra 3d. in stamps (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square. ☐

Bald Patches. Grey Hair. Hair Coming Out. Thin Weak Hair. Dandruff. Scurf. Greasy Scalp. Dry Irritation. Hair Receding on Forehead.

Please place a cross opposite your Hair Trouble in List above.

"John Bull," 27/8/32

£500,000 COMPANY Crash

PATIENCE has been described as "the art of hoping," and 8,000 investors who have sunk money in a £500,000 venture called the Non-Inflammable Film Company have been hoping so long that their patience is exhausted.

Scattered throughout the country, they have invested anything from a few pounds to their entire life savings in what we can frankly describe as one of the most amazing financial crashes in recent times.

For nearly five years these 8,000 people, who were misled in the first instance by extravagant promises and unwarranted optimism, have been striving to obtain definite information regarding their company's true position.

Most of them must long ago have abandoned hope of ever seeing the promised profits and would doubtless consider themselves fortunate could they but recover some of their capital.

We are afraid that the present position is very bad indeed.

When the public was first appealed to for £500,000 it was stated that a profit of £200,000 a year could safely be anticipated as the company was in possession of first-class patents and secret processes of immeasurable value to the film industry.

High hopes

There was a most distinguished board of directors and, later in the company's history, Major-General Sir Ivor Philipps became its chairman.

It is unnecessary to go into the technical details of this £500,000 proposition except to say that they were primarily concerned with acetate of cellulose, and non-inflammable film, according to the prospectus, would shortly be actively manufactured at the company's premises.

This, it can now be revealed, was most misleading.

Nevertheless, owing to the optimistic nature of the prospectus, the bulk of the £500,000 was rapidly forthcoming from a trusting public.

Then shareholders waited expectantly for their promised profits, while the film world watched for the wonderful new product, stated to be in process of manufacture.

Among other things, the prospectus declared that a market was expected for 215,000 million feet of non-inflammable film yearly, so that the £200,000 profit was anticipated.

Non-inflammable film—to make the operator's job safe and win big profits for shareholders. But they're still waiting

A mysterious "Mr. X" played a big part in respect of this contract, and there was much criticism in the early days over the fact that his name was not revealed.

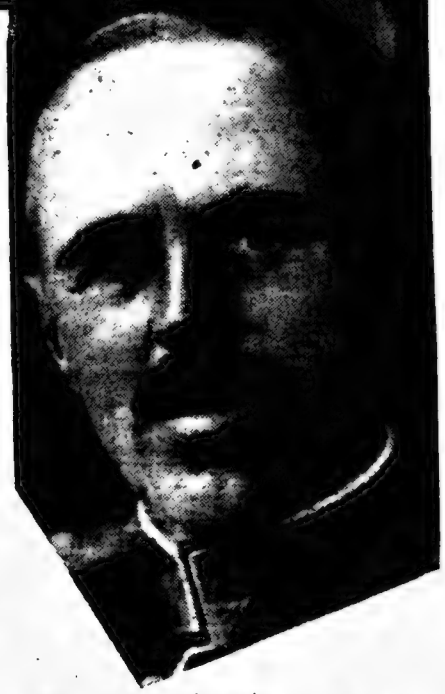
The passage of time has brought many developments that have occasioned shareholders considerable additional anxiety.

No profits

The company has been found to be one of a group of interlocked ventures, which produced handsome vendors' profits.

"Preliminary expenses" have run away with tens of thousands of pounds, and there is still great discontent among investors concerning the original policy with regard to the actual patents that were to have been so profitably exploited.

Even the patent numbers were not revealed, the excuse being that the details might help competitors. Yet the glowing prospectus did not suggest that there was any danger of these patents being improved upon by rivals.



Maj.-Gen. Sir Ivor Philipps, K.C.B., D.S.O., who manfully tried to pull things together

At any rate, secrecy or no secrecy, the fact remains that there has been very little production of non-inflammable film and no profits whatsoever.

But there have been several writs issued against the company by shareholders who are not satisfied with the meagreness of the information afforded on these points.

Meanwhile, the £500,000 capital is at stake, and other complications are arising.

Originally, the directors seemed satisfied that the existing premises at Rickmansworth, Herts, were eminently suitable for their purposes.

But after a while they decided that they could better fulfil the company's programme, then sadly behind, if they negotiated for bigger and better premises. This they started to do.

Heavy losses

In the second year's trading the promised £200,000 profit seemed not one whit nearer, for the actual sales only reached a negligible £300!

The next year was no better. All that it brought forth was the partial equipment of the new factory; yet the directors' fees and charges swallowed nearly £12,000, while the nature of the assets shown in the balance-sheet was astonishing indeed.

The secret processes, trade-marks, etc., stood at £55,000 and investments of £180,000 in associate companies had fallen in value to £45,000.

Nor was this the worst. A loan of £25,000 to one subsidiary company was valued at £1,000!

In these circumstances it is easy to imagine the feelings of shareholders who attended the next general meeting under the chairmanship of Sir Ivor Philipps—especially when he admitted a loss in that one year of £23,000.

New problems

Sir Ivor—who since he became associated with the company has manfully tried to pull things together—further admitted that another £24,000 had gone irrevocably in a subsidiary company, while £20,000 had been "written off."

But he dropped his biggest bombshell by declaring that he could not definitely say that the project under way was a commercial proposition—he could only say that "he believed" it was.

The next step in this company's dismal history was that it went into voluntary liquidation for reconstruction.

Now the shareholders are faced with the greatest problem of all—the disposal of their chief asset—the new factory at Waddon, from which so much was expected!

This step is necessary, apparently, because certain creditors of the company are pressing for moneys due to them and refuse to wait any longer.

Efforts needed

In the interests of the shareholders, whose £500,000 capital is at stake, the whole position clamours for thorough investigation.

One of the associated companies issued a prospectus that was a glaring piece of impudence and contained more than one false statement.

It is both essential and just that every effort should be made at once to bring the liquidation of the Non-Inflammable Film Company to a satisfactory end.

Indeed, many financial experts consider that the shareholders are foolish not to have exercised their right long ago to demand a compulsory winding-

Slippery Sea Captain

POSING as the representative of a famous shipping line, a crook, who calls himself Captain George Walker, is busily conducting a series of impudent frauds.

With headquarters at a Doncaster hotel, he recently let it become known that he was in the North for the express purpose of interviewing colliery managers on his firm's behalf.

There had been considerable dissatisfaction, he said, over the poor quality of the steam coal which had latterly been supplied. As his company's contracts in this respect ran into many thousands of pounds yearly, it intended to take this question up very strongly.

* * *

During the daytime he was usually dashing about here, there and everywhere, and it was naturally assumed that he was engaged on business.

But when he relaxed in the hotel lounge in the evenings he rarely talked shop, but regaled his fellow guests with colourful stories of his many voyages to distant parts.

He eagerly read all newspapers for reports of the clash between Bolivia and Paraguay because, as he never tired of confiding, he knew Bolivia well. Indeed, it was his pet theme and he proved a most entertaining talker when telling of his Bolivian adventures.

Although he pretended to the hotel management that his business would keep him in the North for an indefinite period, there soon came a day when the breezy Captain was not in evidence.

* * *

Enquiry showed that he had gone out as usual on one of his supposed "business" missions and had failed to return.

He was not seen in Doncaster again, but various local shopkeepers came to seek him at the hotel with accounts for goods they had supplied on credit during his brief stay.

The management, meanwhile, had its own troubles, for apart from leaving a big bill unpaid, the Captain had helped himself to numerous valuables belonging to other guests in the hotel.

Now it transpires that Walker is an active swindler who has defrauded people in Newport, Grimsby, Wolverhampton and many other places.

It is to be hoped that this nautical rogue will soon be brought to anchor.

Seven Deadly Sins

Three of these are Pride, Covetousness and Envy and Movieland stands guilty of all three. The general consensus of opinion is that Hollywood is the core of the world's viciousness.

Drugs, drink and gambling are charges frequently made. But as a matter of fact Hollywood is not nearly so bad as that.

You see, such sins interfere with the "camera face."

Read "Hollywood Punishes its Sinners," one of the big features in the *Picturegoer Summer Annual*, which is fast disappearing from the bookstalls—100 pages all in photogravure—and all for sixpence!

A syringe, a tablet, a glass . . . they make the drug-taker's heaven—and hell

by a GIRL DRUG ADDICT

I FOUGHT the FIGHT

JUST three weeks ago the old family doctor who brought me into the world twenty-four years ago seized my pale hand impulsively and said, with the first emotion I have even seen him display:—

"My dear child, you've fought the most terrible craving any man or woman can have to fight, and you've come through. I am more proud of you than I can say."

I had just returned from a nursing home for drug addicts; but at that moment I was not so sure that my victory was as complete as he believed it to be.

At first secretly by myself and then in the nursing home I had come through twelve tormenting, unforgettable months, battled with the drug demon that had been dragging me slowly but irresistibly to an early grave, and it was hard to make myself feel that I had really thrown off its creeping, tightening tentacles for ever.

I knew only too well how it reappears, more sinister than ever before, just when you think you have it beaten.

But now I am sure.

In the three weeks that have elapsed since I left the nursing home I have known no temptation. I know from that the cure is complete.

Did I not go into a chemist's shop only last week to buy holiday sundries and stand there without any of the old craving to lie, forge, trick and even steal to get Death in tablet form—morphine?

Final trick

Did I not open a drawer in my bedroom and find unexpectedly a few tablets littered at the bottom, just where they must have fallen more than a year ago, but seeming to me now to have been put there by the Devil himself in one final effort to trick me?

And did I not hesitate a moment, hesitate it seemed on the very brink of doom, and then fling the tablets far out over the outhouse roof?

How different I am to-day from the girl who tried to fight this horror alone and secretly twelve months ago, only to find myself becoming more and more a pitiable addict, in spite of everything I did to break myself of the habit that made my life a hell.

How different from the girl who, five months ago, had to give in and creep into a nursing home for that last final effort that alone could bring the real Me out of the gaunt, fretful, shaky wreck I had become.

Shall I ever forget one detail of that last five months' fight for life, from the moment the taxicab dropped me at the door of the nursing home just after last Christmas—at a time when plucky Brenda Dean Paul was fighting just as successfully as I, not far away.

I did not look too bad when I arrived. I had made sure of that.

An hour before the cab was to call for me at my house I looked in my mirror. I was a figure moulded out of faded wax. If there had ever been any beauty in my face, and men galore had assured me there was, it had been effaced, hidden away beneath a look of strain and suffering, such as you will rarely find on the face of a woman even three times my age.

Battleground

On the top of that I felt weak to the point of collapse. Something stung in my chest like vitriol. Sleep seemed a thing of long months ago. I was so depressed that the whole world, everything in my little room, seemed wrong — and strangely unreal.

How could I turn up at the nursing home looking like that . . . ?

So one last "shot" of morphine, just the tiniest dose that nobody would notice. It didn't take long. And what a difference it made.

As a result it was quite a cheerful looking Me who turned up at the nursing home to be greeted by a very efficient-looking middle-aged doctor with half-stern, half-amused eyes and a nurse with a delightful Irish brogue.

"I'll show you your room," said the doctor, without appearing to look at my face. My room! My battleground, he meant! How many soldiers must have felt as I felt then when they cast wistful eyes on the fields before them on the very eve of battle!

It was a bright, airy, clean-looking room, not frightening in its resemblance to a hospital ward. A luxurious armchair was turned towards the single bed. A new magazine was flung carelessly on a tiny table surmounted by a reading lamp. And there was a gas fire, small, homely looking.

I was going to writhe in agonies on that bed, I knew. I was going to stand at that window as a creature of great resolve. I was going to weaken and plead piteously for more of the stuff that was killing me.

"As you have taken morphine in the last hour," said the doctor quietly, guessing the truth so uncannily that he made me jump, "I think you should turn into bed and rest. But, before I go, just a word:

"Everything here is going to depend on you. You are going to fight—but we shall be fighting with you. We only ask you to treat this as home and try your hardest to obey us as a good child should obey its mother. If things go hard we shall try to ease them. Just remember all the time that everything we do is for your ultimate good."

With that he left me.

When I woke

All through the last hour the drug had been urging me towards sleep, so I sank on the bed fully dressed and fell into that deep and complete oblivion that only the drug taker knows.

I fell asleep in a rosy world. That was the drug.

I woke in a shattered world, a world into which that bird that sang outside had been sent to irritate me, the people who whistled as they passed to goad me. The universe had toppled and crashed as I slept. The effects of the drug had worn off.

My nurse glided into the room. "A delightful Irish brogue"—why had I thought that of her? Her accent was irritating, maddening. What I had thought was a smile was a leer.

A leer. That was it. She was leering at me because my face was strained and ashen again, my eyes the eyes of a hag; because I couldn't help the painful stoop of my shoulders, the twitching of my lips and cheeks; because I wanted more drugs, and was prepared to sink to any meanness or dishonesty to get them; because there was the stamp of deceit and trickery on my face that had been absent before the drug had worn off.

Road to death

She tried to be polite to me. I flamed up at her, swore, screamed, I didn't want to be cured. I wanted to go home. Why the devil was she standing there leering? Why couldn't she do something, get the syringe—for pity's sake, why couldn't she help?

My mind groped for a trick, an artifice, and told my lips that if I wanted more morphine this wasn't the way to get it. And soon I was pleading. I knew I was deliberately choosing a road that led to certain disaster, as in the cases of poor Billie Carleton and Freda Kempton.

The nurse slipped out of the room and returned with a syringe. Dear woman . . . and that bird that sang outside . . . heavenly music. . . .

Day after day that same story recurred. At one time I would hate her. At another, when she brought in that gleaming slip of white metal that meant heaven to me, I really loved her.

I knew she was making the doses smaller and smaller. I had been told to expect it. But at first I hardly noticed the change. I began to believe that it was really true that if you reduced a horse's diet by a straw a day, an amount that he would not miss, the time would come when you could keep him on nothing.

After a fortnight, when I was down to the meagre ration of two grains a day—four times a fatal dose to anybody not accursed with drug addiction—I began to know different.

By then it had ceased to be quite enough to banish all the horrors that haunt drug-takers when the "influence" has passed.

It was not enough to give sleep to a body that had learned to depend on drugs for sleep, happiness to a frame that had learned to depend on deadly little tablets for its warmth and strength and balance.

By night I could only sleep for an hour or so at a time—a fitful, shadowy sleep, not that deep oblivion for which a drug-taker longs.

It was strange how sounds became grotesquely exaggerated—how the tick of the clock became a hammering on an anvil, although far more

"Then something happened to freeze my blood. . . . Strange black hands descended on the little table by my bed"

HARDEST T of all —and WON

Poor Billie Carleton chose the road to certain disaster. But plucky Brenda Dean Paul turned back in time

torturingly regular than the beat of a blacksmith. How the whistle of a train became a screeching mockery. How a whispered "How are you, dear?" from the nurse became a raucous taunt.

Early in each day my first feeling would be one of hopelessness. Later would come desperation. Finally, the gift of cunning that morphine had bestowed on me would begin to exercise itself.

I have already referred to the way in which all sense of honour is sapped more and more by each fresh "shot" of drugs. Cunning is the biggest manifestation of it.

I tried a dozen different ways of discovering where the nursing home kept its drugs. Poor fool—I might have realised that a hundred different addicts had tried this on the nurse before.

I made her envious with stories of wonderful little treasures I had at home, things I said I did not value, and which she could have if she would give me just a little more morphine.

And when all that failed I peered round doors and through key-holes in the hope of seeing a full syringe within reach, something I could plunge into my arm in a second to steal eight hours of relief from the terrors that haunted me.

Then my dose was increased again slightly, and the ordeal became more tolerable.

But not for long. Soon all the old pangs returned, all the old hopelessness and desperation. And one day, in a fit of acute temper, I rounded on my nurse and told her that she had gone back to that smaller dose that had done me so much harm.

Great test

Next day she told me the truth. "Yesterday you went a whole day on a dose so small that you could not have lived on so little a month ago, and when you tell me that you are going to be brave we shall try to get you through a whole twenty-four hours on nothing at all."

That day came a week later. I actually volunteered to undergo the great test despite the fact that I had suffered the tortures of the damned for seven whole days.

Things could not be worse, I thought. I little realised how bad they could be.

At one moment I had feelings of restlessness so acute that it seemed to be worse than agony to sit in one position a whole minute. At others I had strange feelings of excitement, as though a lot of things, both funny and tragic, were going to happen to me. Times, too, when my blood seemed to drain away from me, so weak was I.

And all the while a feeling of dreadful mental depression so great that I wanted to fling myself from the window, and would have done so more than once if my nurse had not been hovering near.

At last I threw myself on the bed and sobbed. My determination, fast weakening, rushed away from me in a torrent. Jumping from the bed, I asked for more morphine, begged for it, cursed for it.

And the nurse merely smiled.

Ten minutes later, after I had crept back to bed, something happened to freeze my blood. Fantastic and terrifying shadows began to move about the room.

Strange black hands descended on the little table by my bed. Great curtains of black fell over the window, and lifted again, and fell once more—and so on, and on, and on.

Nightmare

My paralysed mind groped for tricks—anything that would enable me to get more morphine by fair means or foul. I hobbled to the window in desperation, and looked at the frail slip of drain-pipe, and would have tried to slide down it if that nurse had not been there.

Hang her!—why didn't she go? I wanted to search the house. There must be drugs somewhere.

"Why don't you go?" I screamed.

"Why?" she asked sweetly. I am sure it was said sweetly now. "Why? If it is just another little shot you are wanting, perhaps I can get it."

I never knew before what it was like to feel grateful. I just snatched at her hand helplessly, and groped for her face to kiss it.

But the "little shot" did not bring the comfort I expected. It did not even bring sleep. I tossed and tossed again all through the night, listening to the torturous hoots of passing cars and other noises in the street.

The drug had lost all power to comfort me. What was the world going to be like for me now? Just hell!

The next day I was given another dose. And this time it gave me blessed relief. I was overjoyed to know that morphine had not lost all its power so suddenly. Nevertheless, I had regrets, too.

"I'm terribly sorry, nurse," I said tearfully. "I'm sorry I had to have that little shot last night, but I simply had to. I did try. I did, really."

Good news

And she just smiled.

She smiled when I said the same thing again a week later, after a day of horror that was not quite so horrible as the last. And a week after that, when I again got through the day on one dose only, and found myself suffering not half so acutely.

And then one day she told me. On those particular days I had had no morphine at all—just distilled water, that was all.

The time had come when I could watch the process of reducing the doses—and take an interest in it. The old longings recurred certainly, but they were less excruciating, easier to fight.

"There's the picture of a very beautiful girl appearing in that mirror," said my nurse one day. "I wonder where the doctor has buried the hag."

That did a great deal to encourage me. It fired me to that great effort that finally led to the doctor clutching my hand warmly and saying, "Eighty-five hours without a drop of it. You're as good as cured."

And at last came that great day when my family doctor saw me again, and all but cried with joy over my conquest.

Unforgetable

I have won . . . but I shall never forget. Until my dying day my heart will always go out to those drug-takers who are fighting, as I did, to save their lives.

Would that I could give them some of the strength of will-power I have acquired, as my cure, even in those short weeks, has become more and more a thing of the past.

But, unhappily, I can't win their fight for them. All I can hope is that if any of them read what I have written here they will profit by the knowledge that though the fight is hard it can, as in my case, be won.

CORNS
Lift Off—No Pain

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that painful corn or callous. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you can lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can end every hard corn, soft corn, corn between toes or callous in the same quick, easy way. Ask your chemist or any branch of Boots', Taylor's or Timothy White's for a 1/3 bottle of 'Freezone' Corn Remover (3 'Freezone' Corn Rings included free in every package).

FOR YEARS A ROMANCE IN YOUR HOME

—And You Didn't Know!

There is a product on the market to-day—already known to nearly all of us—which has a curious history attached to it—but which most of us *don't* know.

When it was first marketed its makers told the world what they had found—a product which had more than a hundred distinct uses. The world paid but scant attention. Who ever believed that any Jack-of-all-trades could be master of even *one*?

So the makers stopped telling the world about those hundred uses, and concentrated on *one* use only. Then the world listened—and bought—and tried it for this *one* purpose. It made good! The world continued, and for years has continued to buy and to use it—for this *one* purpose—without realising that it had any other.

Now, however, a little book has been written about the product. And it is no exaggeration to say that it is one of the most extraordinary documents ever put into the hands of the public. It tells you, in fact, how something which you buy for *one* particular purpose can be used for one hundred and fifty three other purposes! It tells you how a product which is the only scientific cleanser of false teeth will instantly remove stains from white linen. It tells you how this same product, which keeps salads crisp and fresh—will instantly allay the irritation of insect bites and stings.

The product, of course, is Milton, and the book (which is given to you free) will be found wrapped round every new bottle. If you read it you are sure to try it for one or more of the purposes described. You will find it more than an enthralling scientific experiment—you will discover a friend who never fails you in countless household emergencies. Milton costs sixpence.

A John Bull Reader Concludes

I TURN

I HAVE taken you with me through many adventures in distant lands, giving you glimpses of South America and Russia, where I got mixed up in an anarchist plot which might easily have ended disastrously for me.

Though I could fill a book with my war reminiscences alone, I propose to skip that part of my adventurous life because, after all, my war experiences were common to thousands of young men who answered the call.

But I was no sooner back from France when I found all the old wanderlust returning. I longed to feel a ship's deck beneath my feet again and to smell salt breezes.

So I made for Hull, confident that I should soon be able to embark on fresh adventures.

My new ship

One morning as I was walking by the postern gate a gentleman stopped me to ask whether I would like a ship.

"Would I like it," I cried eagerly.

"It's a sailing ship," my new friend explained doubtfully.

"So much the better."

"Can you steer a sailing boat?"

I told him that it was one of the things I had learned how to do, so he signed me on as an A.B. aboard a two-mast fore and aft topsail schooner called the *Vera*. She was under a hundred tons burden, carried a crew of eight and showed a beautiful spread of canvas. The only thing I forgot to ask was where she was going.

So one morning I put the question to Sam, our Jamaica negro, as he sat cross-legged on deck sewing at a sail.

"We'se gwin to Baffin Land."

"And where is it?"

"Dat am somewheres near de Nort Pole."

"You're a bit out of your latitude," I said.

He grinned and went on sewing.

Soon I discovered the reason for his amusement.

Welcome food

When we struck the gales, it was like butting into a wall. For a month we were trying to round Cape Farewell—and it was a blown and battered wreck of ourselves that drifted into the Kivitou lagoon.

You have read of the beauty and glamour of far-away lagoons, but this one was bleak and grim and bare.

It lay in absolutely bare rock, and save for a fringe of seaweed round the edge of the water there was no trace of vegetation to be seen.

As we cast anchor a crowd of men, women and children came scurrying down to the shore, where they lined up, gesticulating and shouting to us.

We were weeks overdue because of the gale and the people were all starving in the interval.

Presently one or two native canoes called kiaks put off from the shore. As they came alongside we saw that the boatmen were all skin and bone. We hurriedly threw them biscuit and butter and corned beef.

"... A giant Polar bear was on top of us"

They picked up the provisions and instead of falling on them as we thought they would do, they tucked them carefully away under their skin jackets to take to the family ashore.

When they came to land they divided our gifts. The partition once made, they fell ravenously on the food, which till it was shared out they had refused to touch.

Then we landed our cargo of rifles, harpoons, and tinned provisions, and then among their bee-hive skin huts the day was spent bartering food for furs.

I was sorry to see some of the bargains that were struck. Our ice pilot bought a bear skin, for which he got forty pounds from the dealers back in Europe.

Here in Baffin Land he paid ten pounds of biscuits, two plugs of tobacco, two boxes of matches, a small tin of meat and three clips of cartridges.

Still, to the natives these were more valuable than gold or diamonds.

Eskimo legend

As long as we were at Kivitou it was fair time. Singing, dancing to the accordion, exchange of visits between the schooner and the bee-hive huts went on through the long white northern nights.

And they told me their old myths, myths connected with the walrus, the seal and the Polar bear. They believed that the souls of shipwrecked sailors were turned into Polar bears. I doubt if I should have paid much attention but for what followed.

It happened one evening as we were out there dancing by the water—a sort of round dance it was, like our waltzing. We heard a sudden scamper followed by a scattering of the dancers left and right.

And suddenly our hearts stood still. A giant Polar bear was on top of us.

They were so hungry that year that nothing would keep them off. We sprang

"The Greatest of These ..."

Why not a Holiday Offering?

MANY of our readers will have returned to their homes after a happy holiday; many are still on holiday; many have stayed at home. Wherever you are, at home or at the sea, the best way to wind up a happy time is to turn your thoughts to helping the struggling families of the down-and-outs, who have to toil on, summer and winter alike, striving to keep the rent paid, the kiddies clothed and the family fed, to whom a little help is an unspeakable relief.

They have so much to contend with in the form of ill-health, mostly caused through poverty and anxiety, accidents and sudden death.

The cases that come before us are truly appalling. Here is one picked at random from a pile:—

The widow of an ex-Service man, whose husband earned a scanty living by cleaning windows, heard one day that her husband had fallen from his ladder and been killed.

She is not eligible for widow's pension, and has to keep herself and three young children on one pound a week.

"I have gone hungry many times," she says. "But what will happen if I cannot carry on? Will you help me to do it?"

Very many of our readers have proved good friends to the Fund, and have helped us to help poor families to carry on. Our gratitude to them is deep. But we must still plead: "Will you help us to do it?" by sending a holiday thank-offering to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and can be seen at any time, or a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

The Adventures of a Rolling Stone

ESKIMO—and LIKE it!

to the rocks and the seaweed and began to stalk the creature.

Then, as I lay behind the rocks, I saw an Eskimo with his dogs yapping around pick it off when it stood up against the sky line. A great blood-curdling howl went up into the night, a howl like a crowd of women shrieking.

Down came the carcass and in a trice the dogs were on top of it, snarling and snapping around the blood till they waddled back to the huts, blown out like balloons, to sleep it off.

With one stroke of his knife the Eskimo ripped off the pelt. There are four inches of yellow fat under a bear's skin.

We smeared our bodies with it to keep off the cold and sat down to a dish of bear's steak.

Pilot's warning

But when I saw the skinned paw, for all the world like a man's hand, I remembered about the departed souls of shipwrecked sailors.

"Don't eat that!" shouted our ice pilot.

We began to laugh.

"It's human, it is—don't eat that paw or we'll all suffer for it. I've been sixty years in the Arctic and never once would I touch one of those—but never did I see a human hand so clear in all my travels."

We thought him a bit mad and we ate the bear.

Bear steak tastes just like beef steak and a hearty meal of it soon scattered our superstitious fears.

Two days later we sailed. The ice floes hung round our hull like a warm of wasps on ripe fruit Every morning they were larger and nearer. Ice—thick ice covered the surface of the sea.

The little pathway of clear water grew narrower and narrower. We took our soundings twice every day.

We never went to sleep. We just worked and hoped and our hoping was about as much use as our working.

The ice was crackling round our timbers, bringing steadily nearer what was literally to be our crack of doom. We sprung a leak and it was all hands to the pumps.

I don't know how we ever got through the next ten days. I never worked so hard, and I hope I never shall again, but for ten days we kept afloat and kept moving, heading for a Greenland port.

No, we never made that port. We had to leave the *Vera* cracking up among the ice floes and take to our boats. And at last we beached on the Greenland coast.

* * *

For a year I lived there among the Eskimo people. I fed on raw seal and walrus and reindeer and wild duck—for the only thing I saw like fuel was a few sprigs of heather—not enough to light a fire.

I grew disgustingly fat on reindeer, and I began to feel that this life was, after all, the best. And the Eskimos seemed to think so, too—anyhow they lived to a ripe age in that bare, cold country, where there is no disease. My old Eskimo host (he lived in a wooden hut by the seashore) had lived a hundred and five years.

They were the most hospitable people and the best friends I ever had, and they would share the last bit of food. We taught them how to play English games, made a football of skins (they could beat our team after a fortnight), and cricket caught on wonderfully with the Eskimo girls. And they taught us some fine dances.

Many are the nights that I have danced from six to two and never noticed it. In the Arctic it seems quite impossible to feel fatigue.

When Sunday came round we went three times to church; the ceremonies of the Christian religion were as strictly observed as its spirit.

In spring, when the birds and foxes and lemmings—the lemming is a sort of weasel—came down in swarms, the days and nights were one long hunt, and for a few weeks we had more to eat than we could well do with.

And all around us, shutting us off from the world, there was the deep, impenetrable silence of the North. A silence that you could hear, the silence of vast lands, where nothing lives—neither animal nor plant.

It hemmed us round—sometimes it seemed a kind of warder keeping us from the world of man, sometimes a protection against all the great world of worries which we call civilisation.

I have come back to that world again, I am tramping the streets of our seaport towns—it isn't so easy to get a ship these days—and cursing myself for a fool, because I didn't know when I was well off in my hut on the shore of Greenland.

Wanderlust!

Yes, for twenty-three years I have been a rolling stone, rolled round every country in the world that has a seaboard, and I am only in the thirties and anxious to start rolling again.

Once in Egypt I met Lord Kitchener's interpreter—old Fagan we used to call him—and he introduced me to an old Arab sage. I thought he was going to tell me the secret of the ages But he only wanted me to peddle cocaine!

When I was in Russia, I met with Christian kindness. Those who extended it to me are dead. In Honduras there are men risking life every day among tarantulas and poison snakes just to steal a few bananas.

And here am I—in the middle thirties—with twenty-three adventurous years behind me, packed with experience. Here I have been snatched again and again from death—thanking whatever gods there are—what for? To line up at the Labour Exchange?

You know, we're happier when we don't think—when we live on from one moment to the next and it takes us all the time to live, when life is too hard to become complicated and there is no time to worry.

I'd like to be back with the Eskimos in Greenland.

A Showman's Secrets

THIRTY years a Showman. . . . Thirty years crowded with variety and thrills. . . .

One month looking pinched and wan as Succi the fasting man; the next as Tanner, the man who could live without air in an hermetically-sealed glass case; the next as Ilford, the trance subject.

That is the real-life story Mr. Alfred Hill, a "John Bull" reader, will contribute to these pages, beginning next week.

Real full-blooded people move through this most absorbing narrative of a showman's life and adventures. Joe Beckett, waiting on the stairs of Dick le Neve's boxing booth, looking around for challengers. And "Digger" Stanley, later a world champion, ready to meet anybody who would "walk up, walk up."

And there is humour, such humour as only the fair-grounds can yield. The boxing-booth fighting staff getting weaker and skimpier as the army recruited the bigger men, until conscription took all that was left, turning Britain's biggest boxing show into a fat-lady display!

It is the inside story of exhibition and fair-ground life; of fasting men who never fasted; trance subjects who allowed themselves to be burnt and cut by doctors, enduring agonies rather than flicker an eye-lid; of freak women who were just as normal as you. . . .

You must see the curtain lifted for the first time on this romantic, entrancing side of life. Don't miss next week's "John Bull." You will revel in our reader's frank confessions.

And don't forget that we want your story, too. Personal narratives of outstanding adventures or unusual phases of life are welcomed. MSS. should not exceed 2,000 words, and £10: 10s. will be paid for those published.

REALLY LOVELY

says JUNE

JUNE (Lady Inverclyde), the world-famous Actress, writes: — "I can thoroughly recommend Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream for quick make-up. There's not too much powder nor yet too much cream, but a really lovely treatment which beautifies the complexion and makes that 'early morning freshness' last the long day through. *In popular shades—everywhere*

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

BIG PRICE REDUCTION
Remember, you can now obtain Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender Water at greatly reduced prices.
6½d., 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 4/6

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

THE NEW BLADE

THE NEW PACKET

THE NEW PRICE
6D FOR 4

SHARD BLADES

Shard Blades can be obtained all Boots Branches, Taylors, Parkes, Halford, Timothy White's W. H. Smith & Sons, Wyman's, etc.
G. L. SHARD & Co. Ltd., 212/214, St. Portland St., W.1

DOCTORS ADVISE ... ORANGE JUICE

Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

That's why your child's Bread needs

'Golden Shred'

THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE

AUNT BOVRIL SANDWICHES GRAND-MA?

To make a Bovril Sandwich just spread the Bovril very thinly on bread and butter. One teaspoonful of Bovril is enough to make twelve sandwiches.

Bovril and Watercress sandwiches are also delicious; chop the watercress and lay on bread and butter spread with Bovril in the usual way.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

His Wife's MONEY —*should he* USE *it?*

She will let him have the money, but she is doubtful if the shop will pay

WE have had a surfeit of slogans in recent years. They all seem to date from the War, with its "Your King and Country Need You," "A Land Fit for Heroes," and the like.

One of the most pernicious of present-day maxims is "Safety First." It is pernicious because it is destroying initiative and the spirit of adventure. These hard times are making people super-cautious, and they are too prone to leave well alone.

Take this letter from one of my correspondents:

"For seven years I have endeavoured, with a reasonable amount of success, to build up my business as a tobacconist and newsagent.

"My turnover has increased threefold, but with my present premises I have realised that I am unable to attract all the trade I should like.

"The shop next door has become vacant, and it would help me tremendously if I could buy it and add it to my present building.

"Unfortunately, I haven't the money available, as I have put back all my profits into improving and modernising my business.

"My wife has some money in the bank which was left to her by her father, and I have suggested she might loan it to me to purchase the next-door shop. Her argument seems to be that it is safe where it is, and that it is unwise 'to put all your eggs in one basket.'

"Do you think this is a reasonable attitude for her to take, and am I unreasonable in wishing her to let me have the money?"

Now I can see that no self-respecting man likes to gamble with his wife's money. But is this a gamble? It certainly does not seem to be.

For a good purpose

The money is not to be used in some wild goose scheme. It is to buy property, so that there will always be that security behind it.

It is also to help her husband, who has already proved his worth, and has built up a successful business. It would be a great pity if his plans were to be thwarted when his wife can help him to realise them.

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket" is not always a wise proverb. A great deal depends on the strength of the basket. In this case it seems to be a reasonably sound one.

The wife has her money in the bank, where it is certainly safe, but is earning only a very small return in interest. If she has confidence in her husband, it is far better for her to back his efforts than to leave her money lying idle.

My next correspondent is one of those many thousands who have had to plough their own furrow as a result of the War, and who are now suffering because of the industrial depression of these days. Here is her letter:

"My husband and I were married just before the War, and in 1917 he was killed in action in France, leaving me with one little daughter.

"A small life insurance supplemented his pension, and I decided to invest this in setting up a teashop in this small country town.

"Up to about three years ago the venture was very successful, and I was able to save, as well as send my daughter to a very good school.

"I was anxious to keep the business going, so that she would at least have a comfortable and healthy means of livelihood when I am gone. But latterly, owing to the general depression, I have scarcely paid my way, and I have had to draw on my nest egg.

"I feel inclined to sell out, so as not to lose any more of the money I have so hardly earned. As I value your advice so much, and have no one else to turn to, I should be very grateful to know what you think."

It is not economically sound to continue a business that is losing money. But if that rule were applied to-day many firms would have to close down.

And if my correspondent does that, where is she going to turn for alternative work? The savings she has accumulated would quickly melt away with a period of enforced idleness.

There is also her daughter to consider, especially if the idea of carrying on the teashop appeals to her. If it does, then my advice to the mother is—try to cut down expenses and live as cheaply as possible until better times come back again.

That they will return I have not the slightest doubt. I am optimistic enough to believe that we have already seen the worst and that brighter and better days are ahead.

Wrong environment

My third letter comes from a young man who is employed as a bank clerk.

"I simply hate my job," he tells me, "but my parents keep telling me not to be foolish, as it is a permanent job with a pension at the end of it.

"But the grinding, monotonous work is simply warping my outlook, and I feel like a prisoner who must either escape or go under.

"Do you advise me to follow my own inclinations or to succumb to the wishes of my parents?"

A man, with certain limitations, should be allowed to choose his own career. My correspondent hates banking.

Then why should he become a slave for the sake of a "cushy" job and a pension?

I take it he is young, unmarried, and with no family responsibilities. It would be different if he were tied.

Many a married man is in work which is distasteful to him—not from choice, but from necessity. His home burdens give him no alternative.

Ponder well

If I were my young correspondent, this is what I would do.

I would examine myself very carefully to prove beyond all doubt that my hatred of banking was not due to a passing whim.

I would weigh all the advantages of my present position. I would remind myself that in these days a secure job is not lightly to be given up. And I would consider very carefully the wishes of my parents—that, at least, is due to them.

Then if, after doing all this, I felt absolutely certain I was doing the right thing, I would search for that work into which I could throw my heart and soul.

The man who takes risks to secure the job he really loves is far more to be envied than the fellow who has needlessly become enslaved by the doctrine of "Safety First."

* * *

Let "Humanist" into your confidence! However difficult your problem, he will give you his heart-to-heart advice upon it, without sententious preaching. He is ready to assist you. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

Superb Camera FREE!

Would you like an Ensign camera free for the holidays? If so, join the R.V.C. Camera Club.

These cameras are British made. They have the latest bright blue coloured coverings, two view-finders, and will take either snapshots or time exposures.

Under this scheme you can secure a camera free and, at the same time, "do your bit" to help the Royal Veterinary College and suffering animals.

Think what a difference a brand-new camera would make to your holiday. Send a halfpenny stamped addressed envelope, which may be enclosed in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp to;

Cameras Dept., J.B.1, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Do not forget to affix a id. stamp to your addressed envelope.

The common ailments which begin to trouble dogs in August can ALL be avoided

MANY times during the past three months your dog has had to suffer the discomfort of overheated blood. As his skin is non-porous he cannot purify his blood or regulate the heat of his body by perspiring and, consequently, he overheats quickly and easily. Each cool evening brings him happy relief, but every overheating aggravates the food impurities which find their way into his blood and, gradually, his condition falls lower and lower. Millions of dogs are in perfect health to-day because their owners have kept them in condition throughout the Summer with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, but some have been neglected, and now begin to show their poor condition with such blood ailments as **Listlessness, Loss of Appetite, Continual Scratching, Loose Coat, Eczema and Swellings between the Toes.**

The difference between half-health and the magnificent fitness of the dogs you see at Championship Shows is due to impurities in the blood, and unless you provide your dog with a blood corrective to remove the food impurities which continually enter his blood, you will never see him in a perfect condition. If your dog's happiness means anything to you provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders **now.** In less than 10 days you will be amazed at these **differences** which **condition makes to him :—**

* *sharper appetite* * *jaunty step*
* *clearer eyes* * *happier manner.*

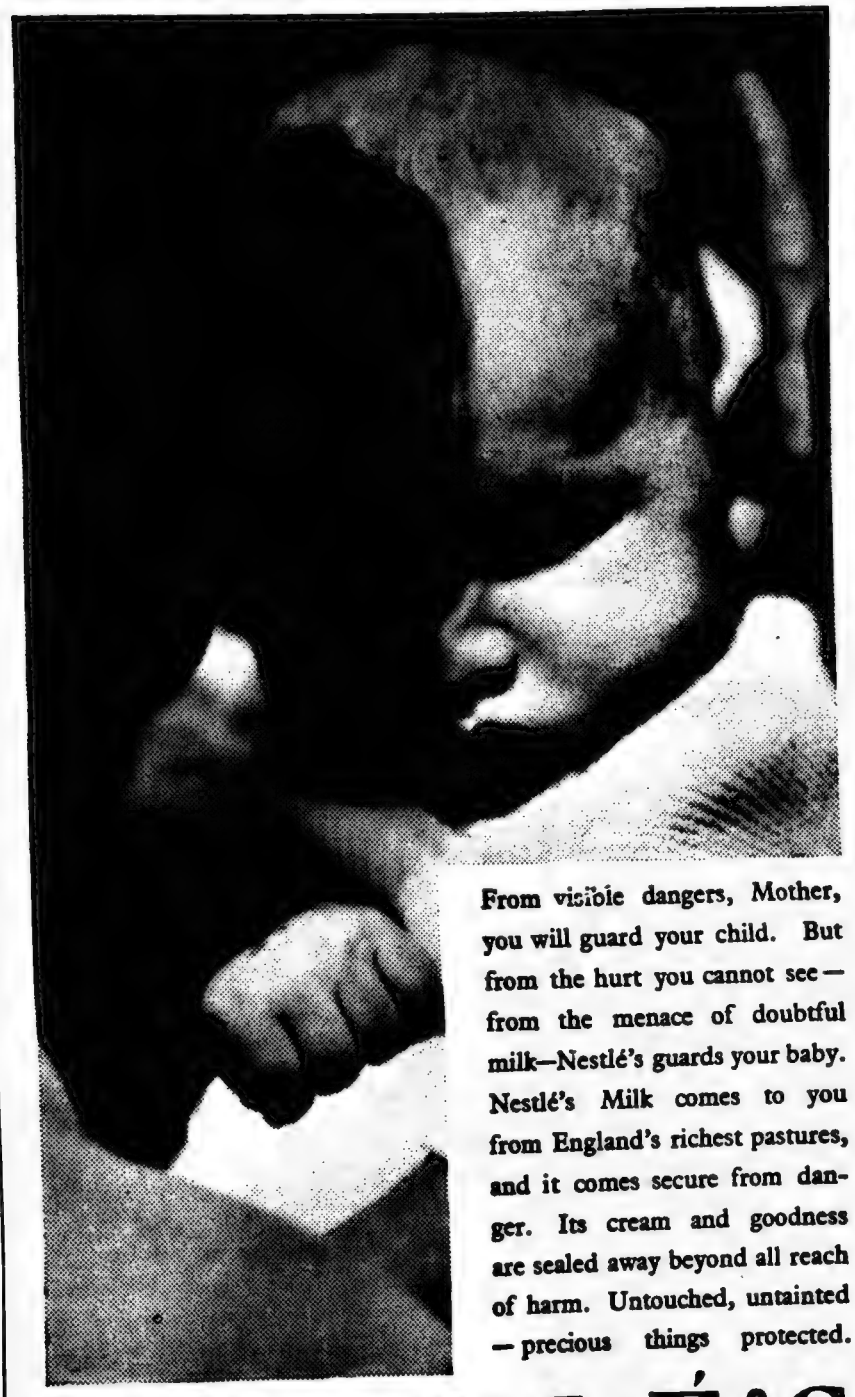
In a few more days you will see the biggest difference of all, for his coat will begin to take on that beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of perfect health.

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, England.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Cure and prevent LOSS OF APPETITE, ECZEMA, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, LISTLESSNESS, LOOSE COAT, and SWELLINGS between TOES by purifying the blood and toning up the whole system

SAFE MILK



From visible dangers, Mother, you will guard your child. But from the hurt you cannot see—from the menace of doubtful milk—Nestlé's guards your baby. Nestlé's Milk comes to you from England's richest pastures, and it comes secure from danger. Its cream and goodness are sealed away beyond all reach of harm. Untouched, untainted—precious things protected.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

COPYRIGHT

Give your teeth a treat

Treat your teeth well and they will treat you well. Morning and evening, clean your teeth with Euthymol and attack the dental decay germs which are always threatening them. Euthymol keeps the mouth as well as the teeth beautifully clean and wholesome. Try it for a week, free.

Full sized tubes only 1s. 3d. at your chemists
British Made

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

COUPON

Send me a trial tube of Euthymol

Name.....

Address.....

.....

To Euthymol (Dept. 67 G)
50 Beak Street, London, W.1

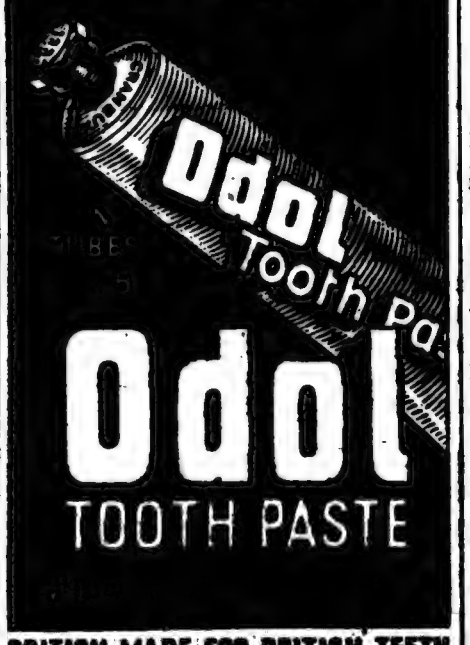
What I Look For In The Ideal Face Powder

By A Bond Street Beauty Specialist

The perfect face powder will stay on all day long whatever you are doing. Wind, rainy weather or even perspiration from sports or dancing will not affect it. It should be so fine and light as to be practically invisible on the face, and contain no gritty particles to enlarge the sensitive skin pores. All these requirements are found in the "Mousse of Cream" face powder.

Mousse of Cream is a marvellous new ingredient now blended by a patented process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes it so amazingly different from all other powders. Poudre Tokalon gives marvellous complexions of youth and beauty, yet perfectly natural looking. The worst greasy skin and shiny nose take on amazing new beauty. Try a shilling box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. If it does not make an immediate and astonishing improvement in your attractiveness money will be refunded without question.

Cleans whitens and protects against dental germs



BRITISH MADE FOR BRITISH TEETH

Garland J.B.

If You are Seventy —and Can't Prove It

WHAT would you do if you found yourself in the dilemma of believing that to-morrow is your sixty-fifth or seventieth birthday and you have become eligible to receive a State old-age pension, but have no evidence to prove it?

You have no birth certificate, and enquiry has revealed that in the parish where you were born there was no registration of your birth or the records have been destroyed or are missing.

Also, you may be a spinster or bachelor, and, therefore, without the secondary evidence of your age which would be contained in a marriage certificate.

How, then, will you establish your right to a pension, which certainly will not be granted until the authorities are satisfied that your age is what you state it to be?

• • •

You need do nothing beyond stirring your memory to provide possible clues to enable a remarkable detective organisation to begin work upon your case.

The investigation will cost you nothing, and, if your knowledge of your age is correct, you may be almost certain that success will be achieved. Hundreds of cases of the kind occur yearly, and rarely is anyone disappointed.

• • •

It is not a band of trained or professional detectives that is responsible for this work. They are ordinary Civil Service clerks of the Board of Customs and Excise, the Ministry of Health and the Registrar-General's office.

Their sole reward for their often brilliant investigating work is the knowledge that they have brought comfort to a helpless old man or woman whom they do not know and will never meet.

He may know how to sew, but he doesn't know he's seventy. Let him consult the pensions sleuths

Ever-helpful Bible

They are confronted with the problem that every year in every part of Britain many births are not even notified as having taken place, and more are notified than the number registered.

The discrepancy between the population actually alive and officially alive is known to be immense, but the difference only becomes apparent in the case of those who survive until pensionable age.

Women form 95 per cent. of this legion of the officially lost. Men seem to find reason earlier in life to establish their age and to have it recorded somewhere.

It is utterly useless for applicants for old-age pensions to assert that they can remember events in history having happened. Nor is a life insurance policy acceptable as evidence.

A birth entry in a family Bible is, however, sound proof of age, provided there are other entries which indicate its genuineness.

Not long ago a woman informed the pension authorities that her date of birth was contained in a family Bible which she possessed. She produced the record, but when an official saw the volume he had to ask her if she could read. She admitted she could not, and that her parents had also been unable to do so.

They and she had treasured throughout their lives what they believed was a Bible, but what was, in fact, a rare first edition of a work, which afterwards fetched 1,400 guineas for her at an auction.

A pensions officer went one day to a Yorkshire village which a man had named as his birthplace. Neither the parish clerk nor the vicar could give any help in tracing the birth.

Suddenly a vague recollection came to the clergyman that perhaps twenty-five years before a solicitor's clerk from Nottingham had come to the district seeking particulars of a man of the same name.

All the solicitors in that town were communicated with.

One firm replied that they had no knowledge of the man's age for pension purposes, but that they had been endeavouring for a quarter of a century to trace him to hand over a £45,000 estate left to him by a sheep-farming brother in New Zealand.

O.K'd. by clock

All the information a Gloucester woman could give about her age was that she remembered that the birthdays of herself and her brothers and sisters had been engraved by her father upon a metal plate in the back of an old clock.

Her childhood memory of that clock was very clear. She could not only describe it, but was able to state that on the face were the words "Stephen Tracy" and the date 1718.

It did not take a pensions investigator long to discover that Stephen Tracy was a recognised master among eighteenth-century clockmakers, and that his clocks were much sought after by collectors.

An expert was able from the description even to identify this particular clock in a book devoted to antique timepieces, and to give the name of a Sheffield cutler who at one time owned it.

A letter to Sheffield showed that the clock had been sold to an architect in Philadelphia, and enquiries there revealed it as having passed to Vienna. Ultimately it was traced to the ownership of a merchant in Czecho-Slovakia, who sent the clock to Somerset House.

It still contained the metal plate with the record of the family's births, deaths and marriages, and the old woman's claim to a pension was admitted.

Tombstone witness

An aged woman in Wood Green, London, could give no other evidence about her origin than that her mother had died at her birth in Killarney.

Great quantities of Irish records have been destroyed, and the Free State authorities could not trace the registration. But there was a record of a tombstone with the mother's name in a Killarney churchyard, although the memorial itself was moss-covered and its inscription indecipherable.

With the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities, the tombstone was consigned to the Government Laboratory in London, where it was cleaned and examined under powerful lenses. And another pension was granted.

Again and again applicants for pensions give their Christian name as Noel or Mary and their birthday as Christmas Day.

Almost invariably this reveals that in their infancy they were in a foundling hospital, convent nursery or workhouse, where in Victorian times children of unknown parentage were given Yuletide names and December 25 as their birthday.

Fortunately, most of the records of institutions of the kind which existed seventy or eighty years ago are intact, but the searching of them is a colossal task.

Musical melange

A specially baffling problem presented to the pensions detectives was that of a Monmouth woman, who boasted the Christian names Costa Creation.

Her only knowledge of her antecedents was a recollection of having sometimes seen her father in uniform and carrying a musical instrument. She could also recall that when a little girl she was shown a gold medal, the names upon which, her father had said, were given to her because she was born on the day he received it.

Step by step the enquiry was carried to a successful close. In May, 1861, it was found, a performance of Haydn's "Creation" was given at the Crystal Palace under the conductorship of the famous Costa; commemoration medals were awarded to some of the musicians, and old Costa Creation's father was one of the recipients.

An expert police detective would be proud to have achieved what a pensions investigator did in the case of a woman whose Christian names were Jane Khera Clyde, who also had no evidence of her birth.

She could not remember her father, but had been told he was a soldier, and that the Khera Clyde part of her name was associated somehow with his service.

Much painstaking work had to be done before the pensions officers found themselves searching in the War Office archives for the records of the Indian Mutiny battle of Dooda Khera, where, in 1858, Clyde defeated Beni Mahdo.

The name of the father of septuagenarian Khera Clyde was found in the list of the dead.

Animal Lovers Contest RESULT

JOHN BULL is pleased to announce the result of the great Animal Lovers Contest which was launched by the "Daily Herald" in support of the Royal Veterinary College.

A first prize of £10,000, with an additional £5,000, or share thereof, if the winner or winners at the close of the competition proved to be registered readers of the "Daily Herald," were offered for twelve slogans most likely to help in the appeal on behalf of the Royal Veterinary College.

The Second Prize in this Contest was £500, and the Third Prize £250.

The following were the twelve slogans selected by the committee of experts after the close of the contest.

I'd give my life for you. What will you give for me?

A Gift in Time Saves a Life like Mine.

Kindness towards Dumb Creatures is a step towards Heaven.

I gave you my "Faith." Can I "Hope" for your "Charity"?

I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf.

Be a Pal and Help a Pal.

You can depend on me. Can I depend on you?

We can't speak—but we look to you to see us through.

You taught me begging for sport, be a sport now. I'm begging.

Please spare a fraction for a pal out of action.

With my eyes I plead for the help I need.

Faithful always to you—now do your bit for me.

REGISTERED WINNERS.

No one entrant correctly selected the 12 Slogans, but 46 entrants correctly selected 11 out of the 12. Of these 26 were registered readers of the "Daily Herald" and 20 were not registered. The 26 registered readers each receive £342 1s. 10d., being 1-46th of £15,750, the total of the first, second and third prizes, including the £5,000 for registered readers. They are:—

Atkinson, J., 34, Saltwells-road, Middlesbrough; Badham, T. H., 3, Taff-street, Merthyr Vale; Bedford, Catherine, 35, Hindle-street, Haslingden, Rossendale; Booth, James, 33, St. Paul's-road, Shipley, Yorks; Brandon, Mr. F., Silkin, Windmill-street, Bushey Heath; Brookes, Mrs. J., 19, Little-lane, Purston, Featherstone, Yorks; Conland, William, 32, Woodstock-street, Hull; Crossley, Arthur, 18, John-street, Brighouse; Doherty, Frank, Kia-ora, Monkspath, Shirley, Birmingham; Ecket, Mrs., 35, High-street, Roehampton, S.W.15; Elliott, Mrs. E. A., 4, Prince of Wales-road, Weymouth, Dorset; Fountain, J., 34, Queen's-walk, Wealdstone, Harrow; Goddard, Mrs. E., 160, High-street, Berkhampsted; Hampson, Mrs., 20, Cronton-avenue, Whiston, Prescot; Jacques, Harold, 52, Lodge-street, Accrington; Kempster, Florence, 47, Upper Sandhurst-road, Brislington, Bristol, 4; Lumber, L., 9, Victoria-road, Pen Mill, Yeovil; McKechnie, Richard, 1, Sandyhills-place, Tollcross, Glasgow, E.2; Marlow, J. T., 6, Berry-road, Saltley, Birmingham; Mallinson, Adam, 251, Walkden-road, Worsley, nr. Manchester; Munro, Wm. George, 85, Gwyther-street, Pembroke Dock, Pem.; Pedrick, Francis Henry, 20, St. George's-terrace, Devonport; Simkins, Mr. E., 86, St. Oswalds-street, Old Swan, Liverpool; Tribbeck, Miss M., Old Bank House, Milford-on-Sea; Watson, Frank, 4, Gladstone-road, Whitstable, Kent; Wright, Granville, 3, Armin's Bridge, Hoyle Mill, Barnsley.

UNREGISTERED WINNERS.

The 20 entrants who were not registered readers of the "Daily Herald" each receive £233 13s. 11d., being 1-46th of £10,750, the total of the first three prizes. They are:—

Brace, Mrs., Forest Side, Lymington, Hants; Croydon, J. F., 100, Coleshill-road, Chapel End, Nuneaton; Hardman, Thomas, 136, Oxford-street, Ashton-u.-Lyne, Lancs; Hutchinson, E., Tudor House, Grange-over-Sands; James, Mrs. S. A., Oakfield House, Laurel Hill, Llangwm, Haverfordwest, Pem.; Marlborough, H. J., 32, Richmond-road, Dalston, E.8; Owen, A. E. B., Highwood, Roehampton, S.W.15; Pollard, Miss N., 9, Holme-street, Park-lane, Bradford, Yorks; Perrer, Mrs. E. M., 31, Forest-drive, W., Leytonstone, E.11; Sparkes, George, 143, Princes-road, Kennington, S.E.11; Spillett, Willie Henry, 18, Cromford-road, Wandsworth, S.W.18; Stapley, Mrs. E., "Daveen," Lowerbourne, Farnham, Surrey; Stephenson, James, 2, Railton-terrace, Sheriff Hill, Gateshead-on-Tyne; Swain, Mrs. E., 14-4, City-road, Deep-pits, Sheffield; Taylor, Mrs. E., 43, Mary-street, West Stanley, Co. Durham; Telhurst, E. J., "Fernhurst," Connaught-road, Aldershot, Hants; White, Mrs. Alice, 8, Ventnor-gardens, Barking, Essex; White, J. C., 117, Bowerdean-road, High Wycombe, Bucks; Williams, Mrs. L., "Roselands," Roseland-terrace, Mumbles, Swansea; Wilson, S. H., "Malcotte," Scarborough-drive, Minster-on-Sea, Sheerness, Kent.

"Our need for 'Ovaltine' is greater than ever to-day"

THE worry and anxiety of this time of trade depression have a lowering effect upon health. And yet at no other time has the maintenance of health been more necessary. When brain, nerves and body are in perfect condition it is much easier to face trouble and difficulty with cheerfulness and confidence.

Remember that health depends almost entirely upon adequate and correct nourishment. Ordinary foods lack sufficient nourishment. They must be supplemented by a food specially rich in all the nutritive elements which give health and energy.

For this purpose there is nothing to equal delicious "Ovaltine." It is the acknowledged food beverage which supplies—to an exceptional degree—correctly balanced nourishment in a highly concentrated form. It is an original product made from malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs. It contains no added sugar to cheapen the cost and reduce its supreme value. In these days the utmost value must be obtained for all money can buy. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

'OVALTINE'
Hot *or* Cold

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

P843

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY MORNING

If people realised the power for good health that lies in the habit of drinking water there would be much less illness. As a common-sense health measure every man and woman ought to drink a glass of hot water each morning before breakfast, but if you are troubled with sick headaches, bad complexion, furred tongue or biliousness, or are subject to rheumatism, indigestion or constipation, you should stir in a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. Any chemist can supply you with a quarter-pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate for 2s., and this simple addition to your morning glass of hot water will wash away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile, and poisonous toxins. This daily cleansing will keep your system free of uric acid and other impurities and will thus ensure physical and mental fitness.

THE BEST STEP to take

when Feet Ache, Burn, Smart, Swell, Blister, Perspire or form Corns & Callouses

IS—

TRIPLE-OXYGENATED WATER AT HOME

to step into the cooling, soothing and healing foot-bath prepared by adding a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to plain water. This medicates and oxygenates the water, reproducing the curative properties of Continental Spas. Just resting your feet in this magical foot-bath for ten minutes gives relief beyond belief. Its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves, and sensitive skin make you feel like dancing with joy. All chemists sell 'Reudel Bath Saltrates.' Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES
Pronounced 'ROO-DEL'

NOW TRIPLE-OXYGENATED

Get the new Monster YELLOW packet 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity).

THE CAUSE OF STOMACH ACHE

While many people often experience discomfort after eating, few know that nearly all digestive pains and stomach troubles arise from excess stomach acid. This makes food ferment and painful gases form. The only way to avoid and banish indigestion is to remove harmful acid or prevent it collecting. You can do this quickly, safely and surely by taking half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or two or three tablets in a little water after eating or when pain is felt. This stops the pain and discomfort almost at once, because it instantly neutralises excess acid, sweetens the stomach, and restores healthful, painless digestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia also soothes and heals the acid-inflamed lining of your stomach. Many doctors, nurses and hospitals use this remedy for indigestion and allied stomach troubles because it is so safe and effective. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day — there is no doubt about the prompt relief this fine stomach remedy will bring you.

A Sailor-Novelist's

GREATEST HOUR..

Rescuing a HATED CREW

by Captain

FRANK H. SHAW

When I try to recall that one hour in my life I'd like to live again, this is the scene that memory conjures up——

BREAKING day off the pitch of the Horn in August month, when the big winds are out to do their worst!

My ship, the *Ravenby*, a thriftily run windjammer, was snorting through the heart of a heavens-hard gale; and it was cold—oh, it was cold! So cold that the driven spindrift froze solid where it landed, so cold that sensation deserted my extremities.

We'd endured the very devil of a hammering, and the ship, overloaded and ill-trimmed as she was, had only just managed to survive.

To the casual glance she was already a wreck. Her boats were matchwood, with the sole exception of the starboard lifeboat; miraculously that had survived intact.

* * *

Four members of the crew were *hors-de-combat;* that was done when the fore top-gallant mast carried away and came crashing to the deck.

Included in this quartet was the first mate: an old, gruff veteran, whom everyone hated, except, perhaps, myself; and to him I, as second mate, owed a vast debt, for he had taught me all he knew about handling boats under difficult conditions.

He had been a whaleman, and he had served a further arduous apprenticeship amongst the cod-fishers of the Grand Banks.

I went up aloft as soon as the gloom had thinned, to see what damage had been wrought by the gale through a boisterous night; and just as I swung to the topsail yard, and, sailor-like, glanced around a widening horizon, I saw something dead to leeward

It was a ship, and even at that distance it was possible to see that her plight was bad.

As I stared I saw a thin thread of light run up from her to lose itself in lowering clouds. That signal spelt distress: an urgent need for aid.

I funnelled my hands and yelled to Captain Cregan: "Ship in distress to leeward!" After that it was his affair. He acted up to the best traditions of the Merchant Service, and, putting up the helm, he squared away and ran dead for the strange sail.

* * *

The state of the sea was awe-inspiring; waves were running a full 50 ft. high to the thrust of an 80-miles-an-hour gale. It looked as if it were impossible to attempt any assistance; and Captain Cregan later told me that his impulse was more to give the stranger companionship than aid. For even a wind-battered windjammer likes to die in company.

I was quite well aware that if an attempt at rescue were made, the task of taking the lifeboat away would fall on me, in the mate's absence.

"Come down from aloft!" roared the skipper, and I descended. I was twenty years old, so I came down the quickest way, sliding down a back stay. I joined him on the spray-washed poop. The seas seemed intolerably high and ominous.

"It looks like the *Minotaur*," Cregan said. "The beggar who offered us a tow-rope when we left Iquique!"

There had been a bitter feud between the two ships, commenced even before my time. We'd beaten her gig in a race during the regatta; she'd beaten us at sail-drill.

Whenever the two crews met ashore there was a fight—and a proper fight at that. Her second mate and I had wrangled over a girl in Australia; and her skipper and Captain Cregan were an Orangeman and a Roman Catholic respectively, with all that implies.

Another rocket went up from the ship, denoting urgency. We were scudding towards her at eleven knots; she rapidly took shape, and her condition revealed itself as deplorable.

"Game to try your luck?" Cregan asked. I was hoping he'd ask me that. I was scared cold, but I wanted to prove that fear can be killed. I said I was willing to have a shot, and my knees knocked together.

"Right you are, then; call for volunteers," Cregan roared.

I was untried, so far as the deckhands knew; we'd collected a new crew at Iquique. If no volunteers had offered I should not have been surprised; but these men were real spunyarn—they offered to a man. I had to pick, not cajole.

I collected the five toughest; and we readied the lifeboat. If a sea had smashed it to scrap I think I should not have been sorry; but we got it out without damage.

* * *

Captain Cregan called me to the poop to give me instructions. He had no oil to calm the gulf between ship and ship; but he would run as close to the wreck as he safely could, he promised. That would give the boat shelter. The rest was with me.

At a short cable-length from the *Minotaur*, the *Ravenby* was hove-to and was instantly clean-swept by a mountainous wave. We emerged gasping. Our oilskins were frozen. The wreck was making urgent signals, but as a hoist of bunting was hauled to her masthead it was blown to ribbons.

"Now's your chance—get away!" bellowed Cregan; and, with us six in it, the lifeboat was lowered.

We thrust with oar-looms and boat-hook and sank down into a trough; then the oars bit the water and we slowly—inconceivably slowly—crawled away.

I tried to remember everything the mate had ever taught me. I had to keep the boat head-on to the waves, otherwise she would capsize and every man be drowned, since we wore no life-jackets.

The boat swung sideways on a wave-crest, it filled; but another wave swung it straight. I had to bale and steer at the same time; I don't know how I did it; but at such times a man is given extra power.

The wreck appeared to withdraw, the distance to go seemed to increase.

* * *

The men at the oars were gasping, purple-faced. I hit stroke-oar with a spare tiller because he cursed at me! I threw the baler at the rowers generally. I went crazy, just as the other men went crazy. There weren't any prayers as there was no hymn-singing; just insensate blasphemy.

But we crossed that seemingly impassable gulf and ran under the wreck's stern to leeward; and hauled up in a raffle of wreckage.

They threw ropes and we hauled them aboard through the frantic smother—twenty-three men and boys, whom we'd thought to hate, and whom we suddenly found we loved with that stern friendship of the open sea.

We even waited whilst a boy scrambled back to rescue the ship's cat!

Then we set off again to the *Ravenby*. She had scudded to leeward of the wreck to make things easier for us; but the boat was laden gunwale deep, and the salved men were too exhausted to lend a hand at the oars.

* * *

I missed death by a miracle a hundred times during that passage. I kicked the salved men into sufficient consciousness to make them bale and bale—only so could the boat be kept afloat.

An oar broke, the boat all but capsized, but somehow it righted. A mighty wave towered and fell—I thought it must have scooped out the entire human contents; no—no one was lost.

It continued as an incredible nightmare, with all thought and sensation paralysed by frantic effort. We couldn't fail—we couldn't! We had to prove ourselves to these *Minotaur* swabs who'd always laughed at us as if we were no-account paper-backs! And we did it; by God, we did it!

We reached the *Ravenby*, smashed and exhausted; the seas running so high that no attempt to haul the boat aboard was possible. But the men were hauled up in bowlines; and as I crawled over the rail I heard a din that made nothing of the gale's fury.

The *Minotaur* had vanished, swept under by a colossal wave, ten minutes after we left her side.

But it wasn't her sinking that made the din. It was the crew of the *Ravenby*, plus such as remained vocal of the *Minotaur's* men, cheering—cheering me!

I knew I'd proved myself worthy of that gallant company—and so that hell-and-be-damned Cape Horn rescue was the best hour of my life!

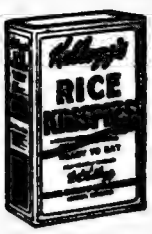
WHAT A MAN he's going to be

Watch him as he dips lustily into his Rice Krispies and milk and does *his* part towards building a rugged constitution.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies fascinate children and is one of the *best* cereals they can eat! Crisp, nourishing rice bubbles that actually crackle in cold milk or cream.

Serve for breakfast, lunch—the evening meal. No cooking required. Rice Krispies are so easy to digest, they invite restful sleep.

Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green packet. Sold by all grocers. *Quality guaranteed.*



Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG COMPANY of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C.2

802

She smiles with confidence

. . . with sparkling teeth, and a fragrant breath—thanks to COLGATE'S

Be confident that your smile is charming . . . your teeth brilliant and sparkling . . . your breath free from tainted mouth odours . . .

One toothpaste, above all others, gives you this assurance—Colgate's. You'll know when you taste Colgate's how deliciously refreshing it is . . . how wonderfully white and clean it leaves your teeth. It has a fresh, enticing flavour, unlike any other toothpastes you've ever tried.

Brush your teeth morning and night with Colgate's. It costs less—yet it does more than any other toothpaste. Get a tube from your supplier to-day.

MADE IN ENGLAND.

2 sizes: 1/- 6d.

B·D·V EXPANDING SUITCASE

150 COUPONS

Nickelled expanding clasps, two locks with safety catches. Dotted line shows expanded size.
Firm all-round handle (patented) on swivels, which automatically centres itself to balance weight as case is expanded.
GIFT No. N477
Fine quality fibre with metal reinforced frame and metal corner protectors, canvas lined, weatherproof finish

Everyone needs an expanding suitcase, and now everyone can have the very latest type—free. This splendid case measures 24" x 15" x 7½" when it is fully compressed, and expands to 24" x 15" x 9½", light yet strong, beautifully finished inside and out. It is yours for 150 B.D.V coupons, or 130 only if you cut out and include the voucher below.

B. D. V cigarettes have been famous for thirty years. They have satisfied the most critical smokers. They will satisfy you. Change to-day to B.D.V.

No matter how many coupons you find in a sixpenny packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than ONE B.D.V. COUPON.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

Available for suitcase No. N477 only

B·D·V CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. - - - TOBACCO 11½d. per ounce with coupons

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V. — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY *FREE*

STOMACH ULCERS END QUICKLY.

All over the country sufferers from Stomach Ulcers are getting relief from their agony with what doctors call the Maclean formula, the cure for digestive ailments now used in the clinics of London's leading hospitals.

This Maclean formula has been proved by the hospitals to bring rapid relief and permanent cure in case after case of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Flatulence, and even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

And now you can get the Maclean formula ready packed for your own personal use. Now the priceless benefits of this great discovery are available to end the pain and discomfort which have ruined your life.

All you have to do is to go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact formula which the Doctors and Hospitals have proved, and look for the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2s. direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W. 10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2s. and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

SKIN DISEASES

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, &c.

Instant relief and permanent relief by Herbal Treatment

SUFFERERS need never despair. No more irritation or distress. Every trace removed completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. Thousands of testimonials prove its wonderful curative properties during the last 40 years. It gets right down to the root cause of the trouble in the blood, and by Nature's own method builds up a new healthy skin. Psoriasis, Eczema, Erysipelas, Acne, Bad Legs, Hemorrhoids, Dermatitis, Sycosis, Alopecia, Scabies, Erythema. Ulcers quickly yield to its penetrating power. Write to-day for our FREE Book, which fully explains this Wonderful Treatment, also copies of recent Testimonials and particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

LETTER COMMISSIONS

accepted from 1/- up to any amount on any race in accordance with rules. Daily Settlements. Winnings by return.

ST. LEGER
CESAREWITCH
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Back your Fancy now and obtain over the odds. Price List by return of post.

FREE YOUR CLUB TIE

Start the Season with the

'CHALLENGER' FOOTBALL LISTS

NOTHING — NOTHING
BARRED STARRED

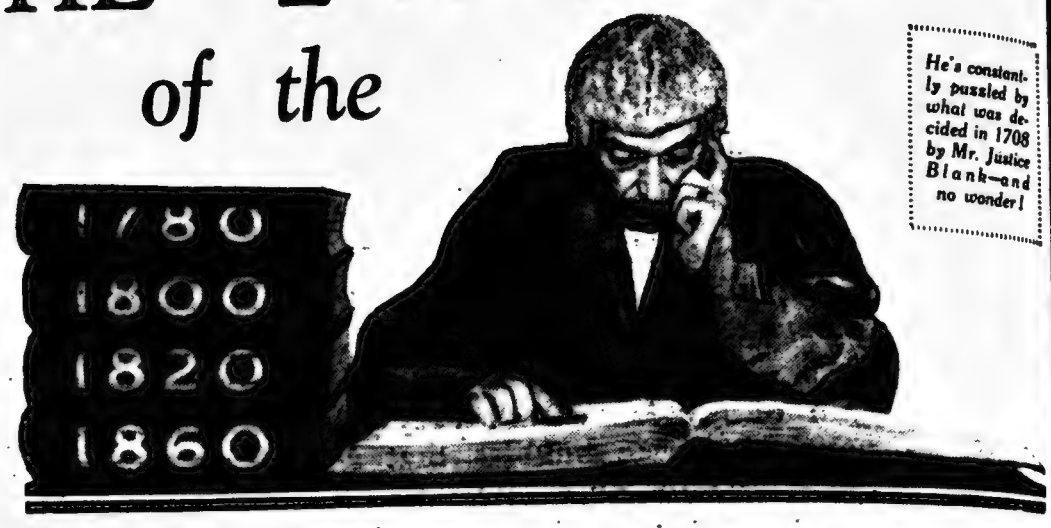
14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

FREE! The Colours of any Club in the Six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues can be obtained in Beautiful Macclesfield Ties. Support your Favourites. Wear Your Club Colours.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THIS ASTOUNDING FREE OFFER.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. 227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

THE TYRANNY of the Law's Dead Hand



He's constantly puzzled by what was decided in 1708 by Mr. Justice Blank—and no wonder!

FOR the first time in legal history our judges are beginning to kick against the dead hands of their predecessors.

As everyone knows, judges interpret Acts of Parliament and administer the common law of the land.

But they also make laws. . . .

This judge-made law is known as case law. Mr. Justice McCardie—that uncommon thing, the judge with a radical mind—recently said some hard words about it that badly needed to be said.

For the man-in-the-street case law is a closed mystery. Let him find himself involved in litigation and he will speedily learn that it is a very lively reality.

He will also learn why would-be litigants who know anything about case law are not going to the courts to-day to settle their disputes if they can possibly avoid it.

Case law works out something like this.

In 1820, Mr. Justice Blank decided a case before him in favour of the plaintiff.

In 1932, wily Mr. Browbeat, K.C., digs up that case and finds that it is on all fours with that of his client.

What now happens is simple, if absurd.

The judgment of the last century must be regarded as sacrosanct. Because that judge who lived in 1820 decided the issue as he did, his successor, on the Bench in 1932, cannot exercise his intellect upon the problem.

Every judge is bound by the decisions of all his predecessors where a case is brought before him on all fours with one previously decided by a judge.

This state of affairs Mr. Justice McCardie stigmatised as case law tyranny.

He is right, for of all the accretions of the centuries that make the machinery of justice move at a snail-like pace, nothing acts as a brake upon it more thoroughly than this deification of dead men's wisdom.

* * *

What the poor litigant does not understand, or, understanding, accepts with good grace, is that his case must be bound by one that has gone before.

He goes before a judge only to find that this man of law can do nothing. The judge may have his own opinion as to the wisdom of his predecessor's decision, but he is bound by it. He is bound for no other earthly reason than that every decision of a judge is law.

Thus there are, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of decided cases. Lawyers have to hunt them out. It takes much time. It costs money. But there may be a winner. It is like a puzzle competition and nothing else.

Maybe, on both sides counsel are seeking for a decided case to wave before the judge. One side is lucky. The case is found. True, it was decided two hundred years ago, but it stands in law.

* * *

Thus the hand of the past lies heavily upon the modern litigant. Judge after judge has raised a voice in condemnation of the absurd system. But nothing has been changed. The dead judges rule the courts from the graves.

Consider for a moment how utterly absurd the system is. Ideas in the realm of law change, grow, develop, as they do in any other department of human knowledge.

* * *

Case law denies this advance. It advocates the sacredness of the wisdom of men who made their decisions long before the first steam engine was thought of or the whole complicated machinery of modern life evolved from the brains of twentieth century men and women.

Suppose we had something like this case law tyranny in, say, medicine.

The patient would go to his doctor and the medical man would hunt back to see what Dr. Sawbones prescribed under exactly similar circumstances a hundred years ago.

There is no difference between this absurdity and the absurdity of binding living judges, equipped with modern knowledge and ideas, to the decisions of their dead predecessors.

The law, like medicine and chemistry, must grow and develop, or decay.

It can only grow by severing the bonds that to-day tie it to the dead past.

Lawyers know this as well as anybody; maybe better. The late Lord Lyndhurst, a great judge, once observed, with regard to case law, that he would guarantee to get anything he wanted from the authorities, for any case, upon any subject.

Milton, a critic of the law in his day, once observed that this tyranny of case law amounted to a "paroxysm of citations."

Since then the accretions of a few centuries have produced a condition of perpetual citation resembling a series of unending paroxysms.

It is little less than monstrous that justice should be impeded in this way.

* * *

There have been many great judges whose decisions are worthy of preservation and citation. There have also been judges whose notions of justice left much to be desired.

We are hearing much nowadays about speeding up the administration of justice. New rules and additional judges, simplification here and simplification there, but it is not enough.

Litigation will remain as it is, costly, protracted, heart-breaking, until the tyranny of case law is wiped out.

Feeling among business men is increasingly bitter at the present time, when industrial and trade depression make recourse to the courts a hazardous remedy for a wrong.

That is why the last few years have witnessed a silent revolt against the courts. It has taken the form of passive resistance to them.

* * *

Men with quarrels, companies with differences, are not going to law. They know too well that their case may be decided by what Mr. Justice Blank said in 1708. They are managing things for themselves. They are going to arbitrators.

Arbitration is the plain man's escape from long and costly litigation.

Until case law is modified severely, or, better still, abolished, the courts of justice will become increasingly unpopular.

The country that has courts of law to which men hesitate to submit their cases is running into a real and grievous danger. That danger looms large to-day.

Only one ray of hope illuminates the scene, and that is that the judges themselves are beginning to kick against the tyranny of case law.

Let them kick enough, and we shall get a reform long overdue, and with it cheaper, swifter and more scientific justice.

Race with "Silver Ring"

St. Leger "Crocks"

NO big race is complete without the preliminary mishaps which invariably attend some of the candidates in the course of their training.

Incidentally, racing history can show quite a few of those who crocked in training as being the eventual winners of their races, much to the discomfort of the bookmakers who, when the horses "went wrong," laid long odds against their chances of success.

As a result of the mishaps in training to April the Fifth and Miracle, there is an intensified search for a good outsider to win the St. Leger, the last of the season's classic races.

For the winner I am content to rely upon the selection given in JOHN BULL a few weeks ago, in response to a number of requests:—

UDAIPUR,

and I am confident that Michael Beary, who has a choice of mounts of the Aga Khan's candidates, will choose the brilliant daughter of Blandford in preference to Dastur, Bulandahar, Taj Kasra and Rooz.

Violator is going to be a big order and there is a revival in the stock of Orwell.

For a shot in the dark, at an outside price, it may be worth while to have a little on the French colt Fog Horn II, who easily won a race of a mile and seven furlongs at Deauville last week.

He was an odds-on chance in a field of eight and won by four lengths.

Now for the racing at the week-end. The St. Leger Trial Stakes will be run for at Hurst Park, and the Derby failure, Orwell, may be fit enough to compete. I also expect one of the Aga Khan's two candidates to run, but doubt if anything will beat the Goodwood winner, Seraph Boy, who has had a special preparation.

I have hopes that Hotcha and Red Queen may land the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 18, to Wednesday, August 24.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q

C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P9896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FPU2C would read SCOOP.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish Hystericals, No. 11. Henry VIII., A.D. 1509-1547.

Henry gets his first look at Anne of Cleves

Henry: "Gadzooks! a Flanders Mare! a little Cherry Blossom Boot Polish would smarten her up a lot."

Henry was influenced into betrothal to Anne of Cleves by a flattering portrait painted by Holbein which greatly misled him regarding the lady's beauty. At Rochester he took the opportunity of meeting her for the first time, he himself remaining hidden. Disappointed, he referred to her as "a great Flanders mare" and tried to break off the match. On January 6th, 1540, however, she became his fourth wife.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan & Tonette. Tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

"Sunshine" Blonde

EVERY lady with fair hair should try the marvellous beautifying Power of Edwards Harlene CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH, a wonderful preparation which produces that rare ASH BLONDE effect and imparts a Glorious Light-Gold "Sunshine" touch to Fair Hair. It transforms dull hair into a "halo of sunshine" and has started a new fashion known as "Sunshine Blonde." Edwards Harlene Camomile Golden Hair Wash will bring out the true beauty of your fair hair. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Edwards HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

From All Chemists, or by post 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Bottle

FREE! Send this coupon with your name and address and 3d. stamps for Post and Packing for Free Sample to Edwards Harlene Ltd. (G. 902), 20/26, Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Cuticura Ointment Soap Products Talcum

And Skin Health Are Linked Together.

Daily use of **Cuticura Soap** thoroughly cleanses the pores and does much to keep the skin healthy. If there are pimples or rashes, anoint with **Cuticura Ointment.** **Cuticura Talcum** adds a fragrant touch to the toilet.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

THIS "JOHN BULL" JURY after extended Personal Trials Pronounce Emphatically for

BELTONA

BRAND LOTION

Indisputable Evidence of Wonderful Recoveries from

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS Arthritis, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, etc.

SOLVED at last is the problem of Rheumatism and all kindred Uric Acid Disorders. For thousands of years they have defied every attempt of the physician, the herbalist and the masseur, to effect a permanent, rapid cure. Internal medicaments, electricity, thermal baths, mineral springs, diet—all have brought some degree of relief to a certain proportion of the sufferers who have been able to afford them.

NOW—an outstanding marvel in an age of marvels—there has been discovered a simple lotion, easily applied by the sufferer himself or herself—which sinks through the skin and the underlying tissues, attacking the uric acid deposits, dispersing them and expelling them from the system.

It is these solid deposits, like sharp gritty particles of concrete, which fix the joints, distort the bones, harden the muscles, and pressing upon the deep-seated nerves cause inflammation, agony, and torture.

Special Arrangements have been made for readers of "John Bull" to test BELTONA Brand Lotion FOR 1/- ONLY

SEND FORM BELOW

RELIEF IS IMMEDIATE —PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF.

Ten or fifteen minutes after the postman delivers your trial bottle of Beltona Brand Lotion, you will experience a relief from pain and a freedom of joint-movement that will astonish you even if you have long been laid fast with any Rheumatoid Affliction.

Mr. Belton, the famous inventor of "Beltona," has specially packed 10,000 Trial Bottles for readers of this journal, making only a nominal charge of 1/- post free.

This is an opportunity not to be missed. The relief you will derive would be cheap at ten times the price—and you will be well on the way to permanent comfort and freedom.

Send the Special Privilege Coupon at the end of this announcement. Send it now, as delay means unnecessary suffering and prolonged pain—longer to wait for the blessed day of relief and activity for which you have always hoped.

READ THE JURY'S VERDICT.

Mr. J. W. E., Burton-on-Trent. *Eighteen months ago I was stricken with acute sciatica and was just able to hobble about with the aid of a stick. I decided to give "Beltona" Lotion a trial. By the time I was half way through the second bottle I had thrown my sticks away and was back at work again.*

Mrs. Saunders, 78, Gravesend Rd., Euston. *Suffering from severe pains all down the left side, I went to hospital and had electrical treatment without improvement and was sent home. I decided to give "Beltona" Lotion a trial, and got relief from the first bottle.*

Mr. E. Fearnley, 64, Lidgett Rd., Lindley. *I had been off work with Rheumatism and Rheumatic Fever. After a few applications of "Beltona" Brand Lotion my health improved considerably, and I can now walk about with ease and comfort.*

Nurse Rowstead, 68, Loxton Boulevard, Nottingham. *I am a nurse and had to give up my work six months ago, being afflicted with Neuritis and Rheumatism. When I saw the "Beltona" Treatment advertised I sent for a small bottle to try it. I am now able to undertake my work as a nurse again.*

Mr. E. Smith, River Bridge, Water Orton. *I was a sufferer for nearly two years. I was helpless in bed for 12 months. My wife wrote for your sample bottle. After using it the pain was not so severe, in a few weeks the swelling had disappeared, and to-day I am on the road spreading Tarmac.*

Miss V. Woodrow, 265, Croydon Rd., Caterham Valley. *I was given up as a hopeless case although I am only 22 years of age. Since using "Beltona" Lotion I am able to walk quite nicely and can do almost everything for myself.*

Mrs. Elkin, 34, Grange Hill Rd. Bellingham. *My wife was helpless, hopeless and depressed with both arms fixed by her side. I tried "Beltona" Lotion and found after a few applications that she was gradually regaining the use of her arms and feet. She is now a living testimony of the wonderful relief effected—thanks to "Beltona."*

Ex-P.S. Stevens, Kingswood, Bristol. *I had been suffering from Neuritis in my right leg. I wrote for a bottle of "Beltona" Lotion, carried out your instructions and in about half-an-hour after the first application I could walk quite well and raise my foot off the ground.*

Miss Boucher, 29, Highfield Street, Fratton. *I was in great pain and could not sit or stand at any time, and had to be taken out in a Bath Chair. I was almost beginning to give up all hope when I saw your advertisement of "Beltona" Lotion, and I decided to give it a trial, and I am more than thankful to say that I am able to walk out without the aid of a stick.*

Mr. J. H. Dent, 23, South St., Eastbourne. *I was suffering great pain in my left foot when I saw "Beltona" Lotion advertised, and you will doubtless remember me sending for a trial bottle. Before I had used that small quantity I began to get relief. I then got a 3/- bottle, but before this was used my foot was quite normal.*

Mrs. Benjafield, 210, Stoughton Rd., Guildford. *My hands, feet and knees drawn up, my head on one side and the left side of my face stiff. Now I am a new woman and do all my own housework and washing. I cannot praise "Beltona" Lotion enough.*

Mr. J. Smithson, Bourne, Lincs. *I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and was in agony day and night. I sent for a bottle of "Beltona" Lotion, and after one or two applications obtained relief.*

BELTONA LOTION is obtainable at all Co-operative Stores with Chemists' Departments and practically at all chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, Needham's, Sparkes, etc. Price 2/- and 5/- (Double Size) per bottle. Should your chemist not stock it, you can obtain it direct by sending P.O. for 3/- or 5/- (postage paid) to BELTONA, LTD., High St., Heddesdon, Herts.

POST THIS SPECIAL FORM

To BELTONA LTD. (Dept. J.B.), High Street, Heddesdon, Herts.

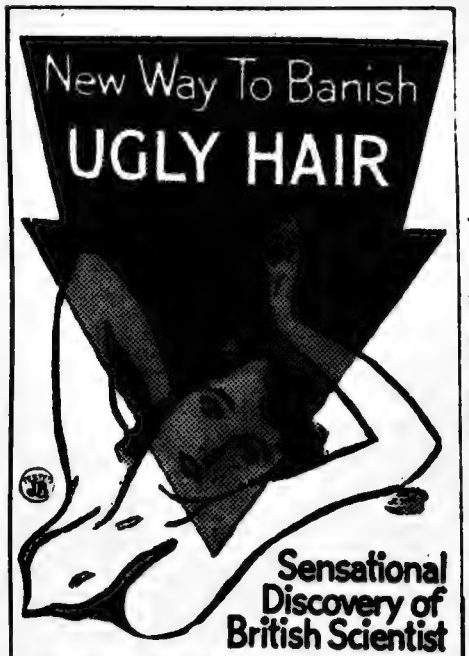
I am suffering from.....
Please send me Generous Trial Bottle of Beltona Lotion and the Free Book.

NAME..... (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS.

ADDRESS .....

I send Postal Order or Stamps for 1s. to cover postage, packing, etc. "John Bull," 20/8/32.

No proprietary right is claimed in this preparation apart from the Registered Trade Mark "Beltona."



Sensational Discovery of British Scientist

Men detest superfluous hair. They never find a woman attractive who suffers from it. To-day, in 3 minutes, you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair, and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. No dangerous and nasty smelling pastes—no painful electric needles—no razor, which only makes the hair grow thicker.

Wenlo-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British Chemist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenlo-White is now contained in the *NEW VEET*—a white cream guaranteed 100% pure. As easy to apply as a face cream, and delightfully perfumed. Look on the label for the words *NEW VEET*.

Banish Rheumatism and kindred ailments.

A generous trial bottle of "Beltona" Lotion and a free book can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 29. Be sure to enclose 1/- (p.o. or stamps) to cover postage, etc.

THE PACKET THAT SAVES YOUR POCKET

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL

ABSCESSES!

STUBBORN CASE YIELDS TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 43, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from V167

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

What Wireless has TAUGHT ME

MY annual ten shillings has licensed me to travel into spheres of joy. I have become acquainted with Bach, Schubert, Mozart, Chopin, Handel and all the other glorious music-makers of musical history.

I have learnt to love old music, and to sense the exquisite beauty of the minds of the old Music Masters.

The wireless has also taught me that most modern young people are decadent, because they prefer "nigger breakdowns" to the heaven-inspired music of the old genii of Central Europe!—*"Arsenalic," Plumstead.*

Enlightenment

When, in 1914, I was a lad at school, I learnt that the Germans were all that was bad, that they were inhuman brutes who killed babies and burned down homes.

As a result, I grew up to young manhood with an inbred hatred of anything "German."

But now I often listen to their radio programmes, and have consequently learnt that the Germans are human like ourselves, with the same dreams, hopes and fears.

I wonder if they, too, have been similarly enlightened concerning us?—*G. E., Burnley.*

The Best

About this time last year my wireless was struck by lightning. The repair bill came to over five pounds.

A friend told me that JOHN BULL'S "Free Insurance" covered any damage done by lightning to a registered reader's radio.

I immediately registered, and am now a regular reader.

My wireless taught me that JOHN BULL not only has the finest Free Insurance, but is also the best paper the public can buy.—*H. A. W., Sunderland.*

Unaffected Great

I have learnt that well-educated men do not speak with an exaggerated Oxford accent.

The Prince of Wales, Lord Reading, Mr. Baldwin and most other famous men who broadcast, speak in the unaffected manner of the "ordinary" man.

Apparently it's only the "nobodies" who try to talk like "somebodies."—*Mrs. W. L., Wimbledon.*

The Cheerful Hour

To sacrifice an hour's dance music during tea time so that my younger brother and aged grandmother may enjoy the Children's Hour.

To appreciate the fact that men and women prepare, arrange, and work assiduously in order to make this a success.

To enjoy the children's plays, talks and stories; to laugh with the ever-pleasant Uncles and Aunts of the wireless world.

To bear the ten minutes' monotony occasioned by the reading out of birthdays, and to expect at least one flourish on the piano and the greeting "Hullo, Twins!"—*L. S., Liverpool.*

"Wireless?"

After two hours' struggle with a hundred-foot copper snake 'twixt roof and ceiling, after getting into intricate tangles with "earths," lead-in, lightning switches and terminals, after taking a peep at the "internal workings" of a "wireless" set, with its bewildering array of coils, connections and condensers, wireless has taught me to call it "Radio."—*"Novice," Tyseley.*

Home Educator

It has taught me how to speak correctly.

When I secured my first position as a typist, I floundered hopelessly if I got beyond the "Yes" and "No" stage.

Thanks to carefully listening to the announcers, and others who speak from time to time, I have been able to replace my broad dialect with correct pronunciation and improve my grammar sufficiently to gain my employer's approbation.—*F. C., Notts.*

SOS

During the war I was a steward on an Atlantic liner. These were perilous times, and submarine warfare played havoc with merchant shipping.

When nearing the Irish coast on a homeward "crossing," a loud explosion suddenly rent a large hole in the keel of the ship. We had been torpedoed, and were slowly foundering.

SOS messages were instantly flashed out, and within twenty minutes a tramp steamer appeared, and assisted in the rescue of 400 souls.

That experience taught me that mankind owes many of its greatest blessings to the magnificent efforts of science.—*"Steward," Glasgow.*

He Hates It!

Applied science is turning us into a race of imbeciles. Speed for nerve-racking speed's sake, talkies filmed for fools, mass-produced pleasures—these are a few of the things we go in for.

And finally—wireless. Wireless is the atrocity which brings to the mind of a reflective man the realisation of all the *other* atrocities

Before wireless was invented, a man could retire to a quiet spot and forget the foolishness of his fellow-men. To-day he hasn't a chance.

Wireless, if not his wife's, his neighbour's, follows him and drums its beastliness into his shrinking ear unceasingly.

Wherever he be, he is sure to be annoyed by some fool's loudspeaker.—*F. F. C., Kingsbury.*

• • •

The radio has taught me that true fellowship of man knows neither colour nor language.—*R. W. L., Exmouth.*

The real meaning of the saying, "Never less alone than when alone."—*M. Williams, Glam.*

That one man's drink is another man's poison.—*J. B., Wembley.*

It has taught me what a wonderful social asset a pleasing speaking voice can be.—*"Old Reader," North London.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 23

If I'd a Holiday for Ever—What I'd Do

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

To value my home and to appreciate the blessing of a good wife. No more do I go out every evening to club or public-house. We sit together and listen to the finest artists in the land.

The talks have considerably broadened my mind and made me see myself and fellow beings in a different light.

I have saved money, and if I carry on in the same way for a few years, the impromptu decision to purchase a radio set will result in my being my own landlord.

"Thankful," Worcester.

SIDE SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader the prize is awarded to the first opened.

LONDONDERRY SENTINEL:—"He might have added a slice of STAKE to the menu."

RAMSGATE CHRONICLE:—"A few STEAKS of rain spattered on the road."

ABERGAVENNY CHRONICLE:—"Defendants were fined £2 and £1 RESPECTFULLY."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"A record was set up by J—— when he cleared 6 ft. 1 in. exactly one inch BEHIND his younger brother."

GLASGOW BULLETIN:—"There was, however, a silence of FIFTEEN minutes, from SIX to SEVEN P.M."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Flt.-Lt. ——, who is personal pilot to the Prince, was given a ROUSING reception."

THE STAR:—"A mile dash in her motor-boat to an UNOCCUPIED sailing dinghy saved the life of the OCCUPANT."

THE COURIER AND NEWS:—"We understand that Mr. ——, who was confined to his bed owing to illness, has recovered, much to the REGRET of his many friends."

"A WAIF OF THE WAVES":—With Derrick in GOAL, perhaps for the rest of his life, she knew that there would be no such thing as marriage for her."

"A GOLDEN MASK":—"The more I saw of him the more I LICKED him."

BUCKS STANDARD:—"First-aid certificates, Miss ——. Home-CURSING certificates, Mrs. ——."

KENT AND SUSSEX COURIER:—"The Council-house tenants, whose children are so loud and noisy, have promised in their agreements to ALLOW inmates of their houses to do anything which may cause annoyance to other Corporation tenants."

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE:—"Shall we go in now—or have dinner first and then EXPLODE?"

THE EVENING STAR:—"Mr. J——, overseer for the past thirty-four years, can now claim the distinction of being a GREAT-GRANDMOTHER."

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND HERALD:—"The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, the ENTERTAINMENT taking place in B—— Churchyard."

IRISH NEWS:—"The fine weather of the week-end brought in its train a terrible series of fatalities, BATHERS and MOTORISTS."

Smokers who want Quality

find sure Satisfaction in this Famous Brand

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER HONEYDEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER BLACK CUT
CAVENDISH

PER 8D OZ.
IN 2OZ. TINS 1/4

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.10.B.

THE JOY OF LIVING

FREEDOM FROM PAIN AND NERVINESS GIVES 'ASPRO' IT

IT'S Holiday time—the time to experience and express the joy of living—but everybody cannot. They get hampered with minor ills which take the zest out of life—spoil their holidays—spoil their week-ends. The main kill-joy troubles are sunglare headaches—hot weather sleeplessness—irritability—the seaside rheumatic twinge and the common headache which is with us at all times. WHY LET THESE CONDITIONS BE YOUR KILL-JOY WHEN 'ASPRO' WILL PROTECT YOU AGAINST THEM? FOR 'ASPRO' will definitely banish the most acute headaches in a few minutes. One little tablet will bring you sweet sleep—one or two tablets will soothe away irritability or nerviness. Again, the seaside rheumatic twinge disappears before the soothing influence of 'ASPRO.' 'ASPRO' does all this because after ingestion in the system it is anti-pyretic—anti-periodic, an internal antiseptic and a solvent of Uric Acid. Furthermore, it neither harms the heart nor the stomach and can be taken everywhere and at all times. 'ASPRO' health-service stations exist at every chemist throughout the country. The price is from 3d. to 2/6. So there is no need to go without, is there? We suggest you keep a packet handy. It is better to be sure than sorry.

READ THESE LETTERS

SPEEDY RELIEF FROM HEADACHE & SUNGLARE.

Johannesburg.

Dear Sirs,—The reason I sent for your 'ASPRO' Tablets was that I had been suffering from a neuralgic headache for about two weeks and had tried almost every remedy, including headache powders, lemon, vinegar, etc., when I saw your advertisement. Upon receipt of your tablets I took two with a cup of hot tea, and I must say that relief was almost immediate. Later I went out into the sun, whereupon my headache recommenced. I again took two of the tablets and was freed of pain.

I remain, Yours faithfully,
MRS. WRIGHT.

WORTH KNOWING

School Road, Radwinter.

Sir,—My daughter has crossed to and from Australia five times within the last six years and has always been seasick until this last journey in January this year. She writes me she was not sick, thanks to 'ASPRO.'

I would not be without them myself and always willing to lend some to friends who get without. We are five miles from town.

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) M. PORTER.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. Pty. Ltd.
('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO, Ltd., Slough, England.

'ASPRO' SHOULD BE KEPT IN EVERY HOME.

ASPRO
REGD. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' PRICES, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

LIFE PENSION and HOLIDAY CHEQUES FOR JOHN BULL'S XWORD

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

25/- EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE and **£25 EVERY AUGUST FOR LIFE**

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF **£500** CASH

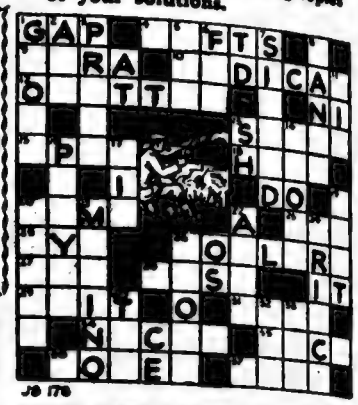
£100 INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP

HOLIDAY BONUS OF £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO ENTER TWO SIXPENNY COUPONS IN ONE ENVELOPE

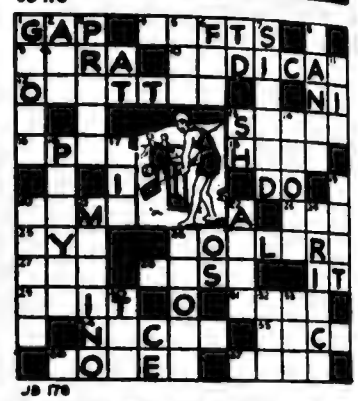
£100

LAST WEEK *of these holiday prizes!*

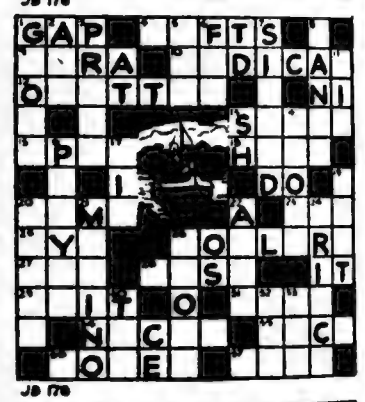
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



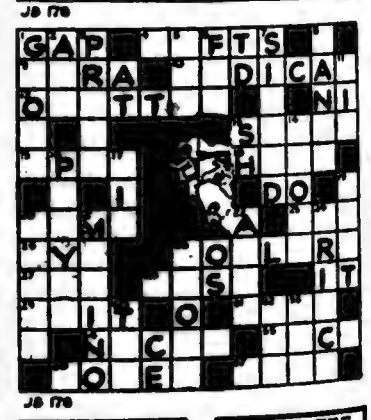
JB 178



JB 178

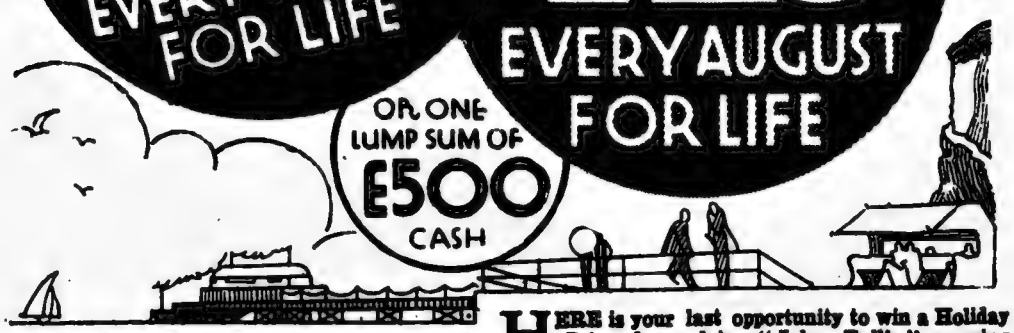


JB 178



JB 178

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25s. a week and a £25 Holiday Cheque yearly (or £500 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Holiday Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 1st, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 8.



LAST BIG HOLIDAY OFFER
ENTER BY NOON THURS. AUG. 25

HUGE NEW PRIZE-LIST NEXT WEEK

HERE is your last opportunity to win a Holiday Prize for solving "John Bull's" amusing Crossword! Half-an-hour spent on the squares below may bring you an Income for Life and a Holiday cheque every August, or some of the £200 cash which Runners-up will share.

Look out for a big surprise on this page next week, when a fine new series of offers begins.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 178. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 25

JB 178

JB 178

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 178. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 25

JB 178

JB 178

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLUES ACROSS

1. An opening.
4. Help many along life's road.
9. Italian coin.
10. Extreme democrat.
12. Left out.
13. Venomous reptile.
15. Speeded.
18. Belonging to her.
20. Arrived.
23. Health resort.
25. Cereal.
26. Are often wide of the mark.
27. Contraction of "over."
28. To do this constantly is foolish.
29. A summons.
31. Ecclesiastical dignitary.
34. Small cuts.
35. It stands in fields.
36. Are often brought to invalids.
37. Things are brought down during this.

CLUES DOWN

1. Has a shining appearance.
2. You do this when shooting.
3. Wise shopkeeper shows goods with this.
5. Wrath.
6. Cranky notion.
7. Once you've done this you've committed yourself.
8. They often turn the scales in war.
11. Untruth.
14. Rose up.
16. Wireless broadcast often includes.
17. Expire.
19. Civilisation began in this.
20. Figures in a murder case.
21. Woollen fabric.
22. Filled with terror.
24. Son of a king.
26. Are sometimes put into shelves.
30. Poetic form of "it is."
32. An age.
33. Be ill.

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 25, 1932.

2. No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misbaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 8, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 20, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4. In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £500 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5. Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Address Entry: "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 178. 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ENTRY FEE: With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 176

JB 176

Winners in 178 on page 36

Result of 178 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 176 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

The Editor Laughs LAST

R. V. (Mayfair).—"Lots of society women are giving their dogs mud-baths." Our dog doesn't need anyone to do that for him.

HERBERT (Blackpool).—"I cannot find language to express my feelings about the sea shore!" Have you just stubbed your toe against a rock?

T W. (Clacton).—"This is the king of months" His August majesty?

M. G. (Chiswick).—"I can't stop laughing at my wife in her latest hat." Ask her to show you the bill.

T. M. (Henley).—"I had my first punting lesson yesterday." Are your clothes dry yet?

S. D (London).—"No convict is allowed to be lazy." Yet some have a good stretch.

J. G. (Birmingham).—"It was the ring that ruined me." Boxing, betting, or wedding?

H B. (York).—"I do not believe in reading a lot of rubbish." Then why make us?

Mas B (Shoreditch).—"My husband drinks whisky just like water." We know that kind

A. R (Chelsea).—"I am always ready to take a person's part." Are you a star's understudy?

H. C. (Sutton).—"What is the best labour-saver a housewife can have?" A willing husband

E. G. (Stafford).—"My daughter sings like Madame Melba." The words are the same, we presume.

Miss I. (Bournemouth).—"People say 'Mother knows best'; but what is it she knows best?" Father.

W J (Kendal).—"Is a cynic a man who is tired of the world?" No, a man of whom the world is tired.

G M. (Grenden).—"I haven't had a holiday for seven years." We have never had one as long as that either.

T. Y. (Newmarket).—"Some men have extraordinary luck on the racecourses." Yes, they are called bookmakers.

E. B. (Gloucester).—"Hurry up and let me know what you think of this letter." We can only express contempt.

F. M (Ventnor).—"I spend most of my time on the sands dozing and writing letters." You require more sleep.

D F. (Canvey).—"I have a terrible struggle in front of me." We haven't done our holiday packing yet, either.

S A (Tottenham).—"I have written my first poem at the age of seventy." What a splendid example to other poets.

G. O (Pudsey).—"American explorers have found the Tower of Babel in Mesopotamia." British reporters found it long ago at Westminster.

T L (Golder's Green).—"Early rising on Sunday morning is a habit quite easy to acquire." Oh, yes. Have a breakfast in bed and the crumbs will do the rest.

M. F. (Malvern).—"What would you call a man who insists on carrying on while others sleep?" An after-dinner speaker.

G. C. (Brighton).—"No girl could be angry with a youth who keeps a promise." Unless that promise is not to kiss her.

M. P. (Lowestoft).—"Even a girl should be contented to start at the bottom of the ladder." And then darn her way to the top?

T. A. (Totnes).—"The craze for tearing along on noisy motor-cycles is passing." Yes. Usually under our window after midnight.

L. C. (Liverpool).—"Contentment is better than riches." If only the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker would believe it!

H. M (Truro).—"Modern girls spend half their time complaining they've got nothing to wear." And the other half proving it.

A. S. (Cromer).—"No man stands absolutely still for long." Evidently you've never asked one to move along in a crowded 'bus.

H. P. (Putney).—"There was just one question which worried me all through my holiday." And *had* you left the bath tap running?

H J. (Dulwich).—"There is no telling where some women will finish up." Especially if they are backing a car into a garage.

F. M. (Atherstone).—"One of my letters may interest you, while another may bore you I suppose." Yes, so don't send us another.

NETTIE (Southport).—"When I asked him if he would die for me, he said 'No.' Well, perhaps his is what you'd call an undying love.

R E. (Broadstairs).—"The young housewife has many worries." It must be a nerve-racking ordeal while waiting to see if her first pancakes will turn out to be pancakes or kettleholders.

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

AUTHOR (London, W.).—"The publishers have refused to print my two books." We could do with more writers like you.

N. B. V. (Dewsbury).—"I enclose an article for your perusal." That's a funny name for a wastepaper-basket.

L. J. (Warwick).—"If a girl has a voice she should train it." And if she hasn't, she should restrain it.

H. R. (Aldershot).—"What is to be found under the sand at the seaside?" Uncles and fathers are often under some of it.

J. L. (Pevensey).—"Considering everything, you have done wonderfully well. What is the secret of your success?" Considering everything.

G. H. (Leeds).—"Recent company reports show that less gramophones are being purchased in this country." Thus civilisation spreads.

D. R. (Margate).—"A well-known Spanish bull-fighter is giving up his job to get married." The silly fellow evidently doesn't know when he's safe.

S. L. (Hornsey).—"Some flowers have an intoxicating perfume." Our neighbour's aspidistra has, because his guests always empty his port into it.

T. M. C. (Chester).—"I wrote a letter to you last week, but my baby daughter threw it into the fire." We could become very fond of a child like that.

D. M. (Clacton).—"As I made my appearance, everybody sprang to their feet." Well, if you deck-chair attendants will wear a distinctive uniform . . .

C. V. (Harrow).—"Do you think that a man can drive a car properly while he's kissing a girl?" No, nor can he kiss a girl properly while he's driving a car.

F. B. (Bude).—"I never speak unless I have something interesting to talk about." Why not adopt the same rule when you write?

M. B. (Walsall).—"A man keeps coming to my house saying that he is related to me and can prove it. He's a fool." But that may be merely a coincidence.

Mas. D. (Ayr).—"My husband is lying in bed telling me what to put in this letter." We hope that by this time he has recovered completely from his delirium.

R. G. G. (Skegness).—"My father was a railway porter and my mother a telephone operator." So nobody understands what you are talking about.

W. E. (Willesden).—"A couple got married in an aeroplane while hovering over a volcano." Then, we understand, they came to earth and the bridegroom met his mother-in-law without a tremor.

F. L. (Ealing).—"An engineer has invented an electric device which automatically raises the hat when one is cycling." Another good idea would be a gadget which automatically wipes the hiker's brow.

E. R P. (Gloucester).—"A week-end is all the holiday I can manage this year." Well, make it a Millionaire's Week-end at JOHN BULL's expense! See the 50 big holiday opportunities on page 35.

G. M. (Hampstead).—"It is said that the B.B.C. music library contains 16,000 musical compositions." And we suspect that 14,999 are scores of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and the rest copies of the "Londonderry Air."

CLUB MEMBER (Mayfair).—"I bet you would find it difficult to name more than one place I haven't been to in my life." But it would no doubt be easy to name one to which you've often been told to go.

G. G. (Keston).—"It is reported that a serum has been discovered that causes people to tell the truth." The day may come when ruthless officials will hold down a squirming victim, inject the stuff in his veins and then make him fill up his income-tax form.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ADAMSON—

Throws His Weight About

The world wide popularity of Fox's Glacier Mints is no accident. It is the result of maintained purity and quality and a flavour that cannot be imitated.

Delicious—refreshing—such pleasant aids to digestion, they are universal favourites with everyone—everywhere

YOU BUY THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL PEPPERMINTS WHEN YOU BUY

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Face Powder Facts

SCIENTIST TELLS OF AMAZING NEW RECIPE.

Extraordinary laboratory tests made with a new face powder formula have definitely proved that any woman can now obtain a beautiful, youthful complexion and entirely banish shiny nose, blotches and complexion defects.
The ingredient which makes this remarkable difference is called Mousse of Cream. It makes the powder stay on all day long even in windy or rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration while dancing or playing games. Mousse of Cream is now scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions by a patented process with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day.

XMAS 1932 ANNIVERSARY YEAR

LARGEST COMMISSIONS in the Trade are paid by Walker & Hannam, Ltd., and many very attractive Cash Prizes are available.

AGENTS REQUIRED

Write for FREE illustrated Catalogue and everything to commence with, to:—
WALKER & HANNAM, Ltd.,
DEPT. 20, BRADFORD.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD

Prescription that always gives relief.
The Aladdin's Lamp of Tonics.

Healthy Heart
Hearty Health

"Blue Lion Fox Nuts" is a Tonic which makes a new man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, life is worth living. It picks you up after the 'Flu or illness or in hot weather. It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Blue Lion Fox Nuts, Shadforth Prescription 632.** Prices 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Below are other examples of Shadforth Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

PAIN AFTER EATING

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS AND INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fulness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the **"Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1077).** Popularly known as "White Lions." Prices 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets). They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach troubles.

CATARRH

COLD IN THE NOSE.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Throat, Ear, and Lung Trouble. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small. Prices 2/9 and 4/6.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE *YOUR* ARTERIES, STRENGTHEN *YOUR* HEART. *COME OFF* THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1166/T.** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

KIDNEY AILMENTS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

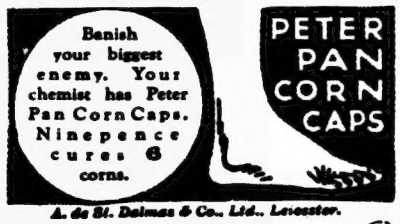
Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in **Shadforth "Bladder Comfort" No. 288.** It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with this proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 288.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd. (Dispensing Chemists,)

(Dept. J.B. 51), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and leading chemists hold stocks or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return post from Shadforth's.



A. de St. Dalmas & Co., Ltd., Leicester.

A FREE OFFER

The antiseptic properties of "Euthymol" Tooth Paste keep dental decay germs at bay. A free 7-day gift tube is offered to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 23.

AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH

AFTER BALDNESS—BY USING KOTALKO

Mrs. Cussell, of Ipswich, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—When I began to use KOTALKO **my head was bare** and scalp quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained about a handful of hair. I had used many preparations; in fact, the trouble was not through neglect, but none of them had prevented the existing condition. **You can imagine the amazement** of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, **new hair could be seen** all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with **a new growth of thick hair,** which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my **waist in splendid condition.**"

Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped, and dandruff eliminated. KOTALKO is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair or other hirsutal troubles.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

SEND THIS COUPON
(OR COPY IT)

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, PERCY ST., (53,VJ), LONDON, W.1.

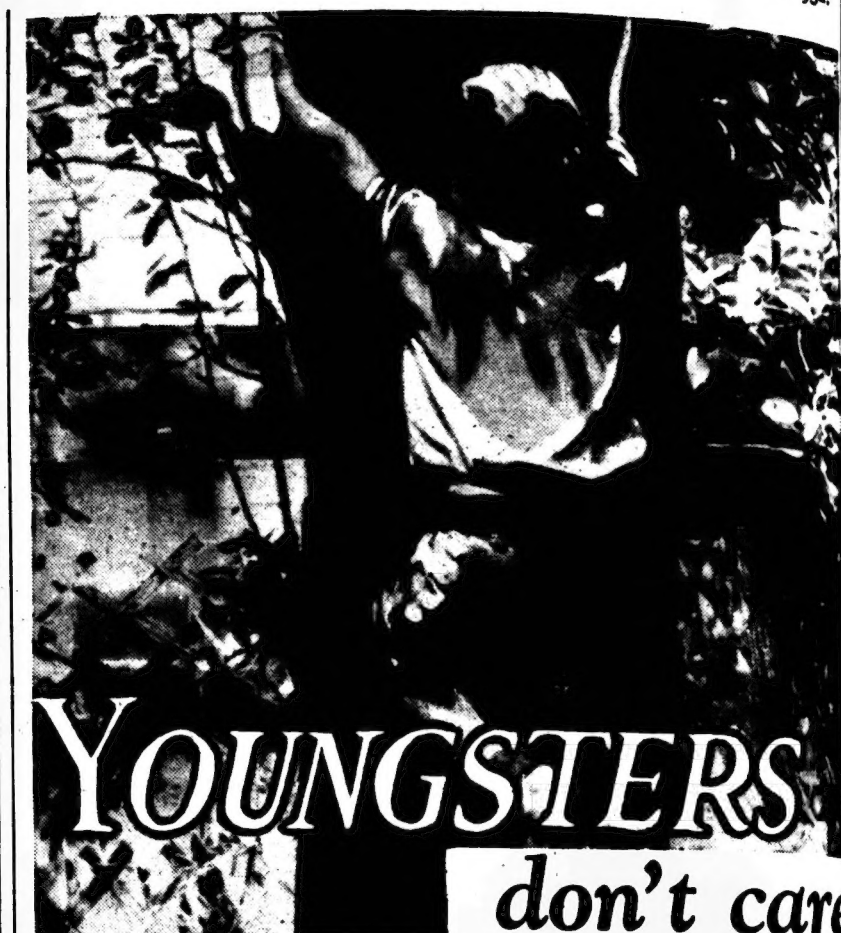
Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....



YOUNGSTERS don't care

UP he climbs, agile as a young monkey, until . . . crack! His foot treads on a dead branch and down he comes, lucky to escape with nothing worse than a broken leg.

Every day JOHN BULL dispatches cheques in ever-growing numbers to parents whose children have been injured at play in home and garden.

2,151 CHEQUES PAID.

Within the past seven days 146 cheques were paid on account of accidents to children, *and since the beginning of the year no less than 2,451 payments have been made under this heading.*

No wonder parents are glad that JOHN BULL took the precaution to include the children in its scheme of free insurance! No wonder thousands of letters are written in its praise!

A Sunderland reader, whose son met with an accident recently, writes:—"Thanks for your cheque. My boy is going along fine. Your free insurance is 'second to none'—a safeguard against the many dangers that lurk in our midst."

CARE-FREE HOLIDAYS.

You will go on your holidays with a quieter mind if covered by our Free Insurance. You remain qualified for all the benefits whilst away in Great Britain, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that you purchased JOHN BULL whilst away and that before leaving home you instructed your newsagent to recommence regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on your return.

The only Paper to cover Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 20/8/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 20/8/32

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

VALUE 3D

INCREASED 'BULLETS' FIRST WITH
£600
500 at 2/6 2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS 8,000 'TARGETS'
NOVEL WEEK-END PRIZE
MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO
First-class return tickets to London on any Friday or Saturday—luxurious limousine with chauffeur meets JOHN BULL'S guests at station—conveys them to hotel and remains at their complete disposal until their departure on Sunday evening or Monday morning, as desired.
Saturday's programme of entertainment, to be arranged on arrival with the Competition Editor, could include an all-day's sight-seeing tour of London with guide, tea in an aeroplane over the City, an hour at a non-stop variety performance, dinner, seats at any West End Theatre, and a midnight visit to the thundering printing presses of Long Acre. Sunday's plans could include a motor tour to Windsor and beautiful Surrey, or a river trip on the Thames, or a visit to friends within reach of London.
All expenses of accommodation and entertainment will be met by JOHN BULL, whose guests will not, of course, be subjected to any form of publicity in connection with their visit, which will remain a happy memory for life
OR
£20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
AND 49 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES
£50 £40 £30 £20 £19 £18 £17 £16 £15 £14 £13 £12 £11 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5
30 PRIZES OF £2·10
LAST TWO WEEKS OF £10,000 IN HOLIDAY CASH

HOLIDAY PRIZES FOR 50 "BULLETEERS"

TWO weeks more and JOHN BULL'S £10,000 Holiday Campaign will be over—you must be quick to share in this colossal distribution of holiday cash.

Waiting to be won this week are 50 big cheques, ranging from £2 10s. up to as much as £800. And to this increased First JOHN BULL adds again the thrilling adventure of a millionaire's week-end in London for two.

Get out a pencil and paper and begin making *Bullets* now. Read through the *Examples* and jot down some rough comments on those which specially appeal to you. Then, with winning styles as your guide, compress these ideas you have captured into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which express your meaning clearly and in some unusual phrasing.

Suppose, for instance, the *Example* WHEN NATIONS ARE BROTHERS is the one you are working upon. By adding the words WHEN CONFERENCE PHOTOGRAPHER SIGNALS you might complete a *Bullet* in ironic vein; which is only one of scores of successful types.

Study closely the winning *Bullets* below and you will be just in the mood to make up a winner yourself. But you have only until Saturday, August 27, to do so if one of this week's 50 big prizes is to come your way.

WINNERS OF MORE BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES !

FIRST PRIZE OF £800 AND £10 YEARLY, COMPETITION No. 859.

Mr. S. H. SMITH, 100, Shrivenham Road, Swindon, Wilts.
Example:—AVERAGE MAN
Bullet:—BETTER FOR "FOR BETTER —"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. WARD, 10, Arran Avenue, Sale, Cheshire.
Example:—Out Of The Wood
Bullet:—Suicide—Into Greater Darkness.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. H. H. TREGENZA, "Tavis Ver," Mousehole, Penzance, Cornwall.
Example:—Model Child.
Bullet:—Horror—Give Me "Terror"!

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: Miss A. MAYO, Mynydd-ar-Mor, Llanaber, Barmouth.
Away From The Smoke — "Blackness Of Things" Forgotten.

£20: W. R. BAIN, 677, Carron Road, Falkirk.
Upset The Pedestrian — "What 'Came Over' You?"

£19: G. SWANN, 8, The Avenue, Nunthorpe.
When We Were Married — Big Ideas, Little Thinking——

£18: Mrs. L. M. WHITEMAN, 40, St. Joan's Road, Edmonton, N.
By The Silvery Sea—And A Submarine, Widowed!

£17: L. CRAKER, 2, Coniston Road, Tottenham, N.
Average Man—Fears Statesman Is, Too.

£16: R. DAVIS, 5, St. John's Parade, Broxbourne.
Average Man—Westminster "Rouses"—Abbey "Moves."

£15: A. B. ENNIS, 1196, Stratford Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.
To Help All Nations—"Conversion" To *Higher* "Interests."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£14: L. CLARKE, 1, Wood Green Road, Wednesbury.
I've Got A Holiday, But — As Son Has *Vacation*——

£13: A. POGDEN, 94, Norfolk Road, Margate.
By The Silvery Sea — "Galley-slaves" "Resting On Oars."

£12: Mrs. LINE, 166, Sandringham Road, Intake, Doncaster.
By The Silvery Sea—"Digs" Dip Into Dibs.

£11: T. YOUNG, 3, Grosvenor Road, Richmond, Surrey.
Peaceful Spot—Farm—"Spot" Too Peaceful!

£10: C. CULLINGFORD, 4, Westfield Road, Harpenden.
Not Settled Yet—Holiday, Owing To "Settlements."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£9: J. WARNER, Main Road, Shavington, nr. Crewe.
Away From The Smoke—I'm Grateful—Grime Hateful.

£8: Mrs. J. GRIBBLE, 92, Toll End Road, Tipton.
Upset The Pedestrian—*Again*, Motorist Driving Chariot!

£7: Mrs. R. BATES, 4, House, 6, Court, Queen's Road, Tipton.
To Solve The Problem—Professor's Wife Upsets Chessboard.

£6: J. PAYNE, 1, Dawberry Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.
Missed The Mark—Tale He'd "Pitched" Before.

£5: N. JACKSON, 3, Meath Road, Ilford, Essex.
Away From The Smoke—Solly Keeping Alibi "Clean."

A list of 30 £2 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 862 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £800, chosen as First Prize by the winner in Competition No. 858, will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Barstowe, Newsagent, Wakefield Road, Huddersfield.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 852

BRITAIN'S LATEST
CONSOLING
WHEN NATIONS ARE BROTHERS
FROM THE HEART
STATESMEN
FIGHTING FOR A LIVING
MAN ON THE SCAFFOLD
IN A KNOT
LEAVES US WONDERING
KNOWING
MOST OF THE TIME
SAFELY
WASTED LIFE
DESERT SANDS
THE LECTURER
LOSING INTEREST
ANNUAL EVENT
IT ISN'T EASY, BUT
WITH A TIN-OPENER
UP TO HER
SHABBY TRICK
WHEN SHADOWS FALL
BROUGHT HOME
ONE OF MANY
TO SAVE HER FACE
FAIR PRICE
SUPPRESSED
AT THE END
MOTHER'S RECIPE
THE LION ROARED AND
NEVER LONELY
LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(862) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug 27 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d — Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(862) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug 27 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(862) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug 27 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(862) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug 27 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 862, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The First Prize in Competition No. 864 will be £1,000 and £3 a week for life, or £2,000 cash.

SITUATIONS VACANT—Men
ASSISTANT MANAGER REQUIRED by firm of builders and decorators. Practical man used to estimating for and carrying out work without supervision. Smart appearance, quick, methodical and conscientious. Apply in person
CHAUFFEUR REQUIRED. Smart clean-driven man used to driving in traffic and out repairs. Uniform provided. Live
applicants send photograph.
BUYER WANTED by
Previous experience

This man knows what employers look for

Spruce appearance—that's what employers expect of their staff. Other things being equal, the well-shaved man stands a better chance of keeping as well as of getting a job. So the wise man uses a soap that's made for shaving. Which does not mean he pays a shilling or more; Lever's Easy Shaving Stick costs only 6d—that's little enough to pay for a hundred close, comfortable shaves—the kind of shave employers are quick to notice. Ask *her* to get you a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick to-morrow—from the dealer.

100 shaves for 6d

E 209-172-60 A LEVER PRODUCT

USE A "STEAD" INSTEAD

the once-over Blade.

Supplied in a handy Wallet enabling you to use each blade once per week for months and months.

You cannot buy better blades

STEAD Razor Blades

In Wallets of 7 blades for 6D

£700 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 175

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £100 will be sent:—

M. E. Dobson, 116, Chesterton Road, London, W.10.
T. Duncan, 31, Belview Avenue, Londonderry.
W. Evans, 16, North Road, Loughor, S. Wales.
Mrs. A. Knapman, 57, Rochester Road, Coventry.
L. Phinnekles, Spark Bridge, near Ulverston.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post Tuesday, August 30th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

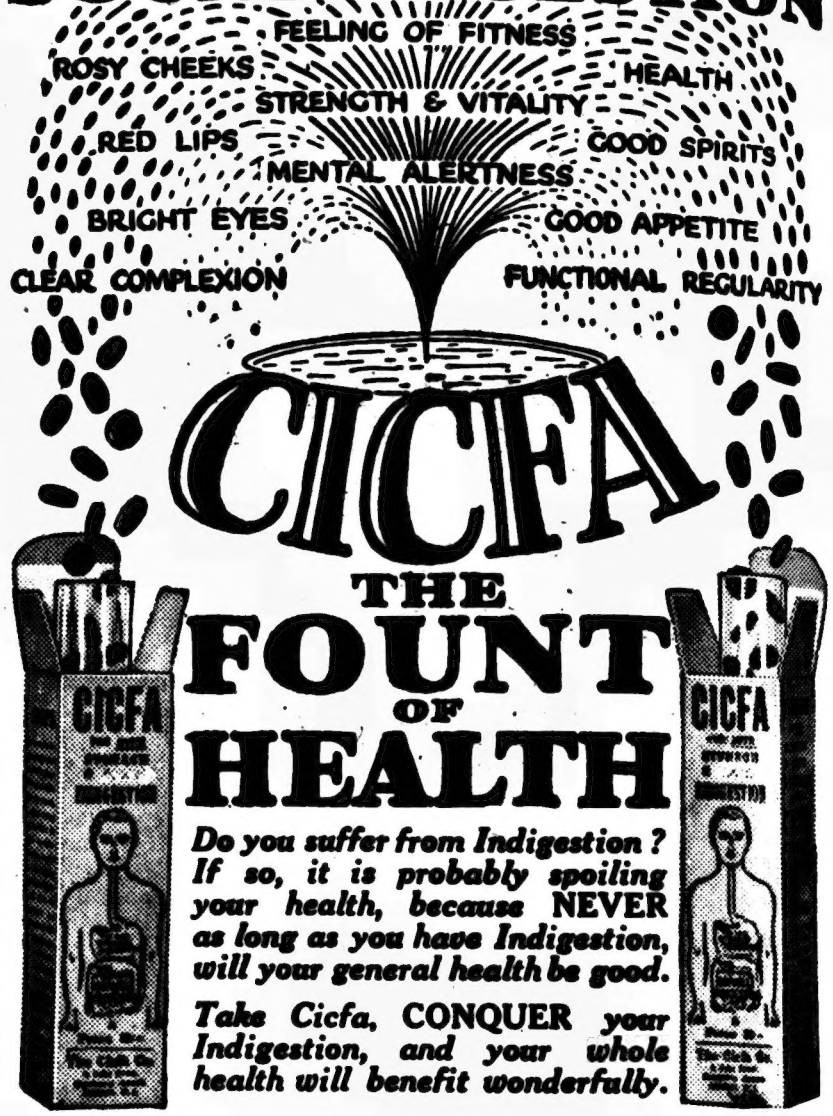
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 29 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £3 9s. 0d. A list of these runners up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.

Crossword Winners No. 173.—Last week's published list of winners omitted the name of Mrs. A. Huxtable, 33, Crossfield Rd., Hodderson. Accordingly, 12 winners will share the £500 offered, receiving £41 13s. 4d. each.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 173.—The extra £100 Bonus offered in this contest has been divided between 66 entrants, and payments of £1 10s. 4d. each are being despatched accordingly.

Great Holiday X-Word with Splendid 2-in-1 First Prize on Page 32
Try Your Skill Now!

SOUND DIGESTION



THE FOUNT OF HEALTH

Do you suffer from Indigestion? If so, it is probably spoiling your health, because* NEVER *as long as you have Indigestion, will your general health be good.

Take Cicfa,* CONQUER *your Indigestion, and your whole health will benefit wonderfully.

Most probably your chief trouble is Bowel Indigestion, that is **Constipation**—so often unsuspected. When chronic, this condition **pollutes the blood stream.** *The impure blood is carried to every part of the system,* and finally sets up **self-poisoning,** which undermines the health, causing Neuritis, Rheumatism and allied complaints.

Persistent **Constipation** affects the Liver, causing Biliousness, dull, heavy headaches, and unpleasant breath; the skin becomes muddy and sometimes develops a sickly yellow tinge, and the *sufferer feels tired, listless and depressed.*

Indigestion also gives rise to a host of other unpleasant and even painful symptoms, such as Acidity, Heartburn, "feeling of fullness" after eating, Flatulence, etc.

Take Cicfa and secure perfect digestion, which means **no Constipation;** complete elimination of waste products; *internal cleanliness* and consequent purity of blood.

Cicfa restores digestion throughout the entire Alimentary Tract (i.e., the whole of the digestive system) **BECAUSE** it both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the Natural Digestive Ferments. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards. *Constipation is prevented.* Flatulence decreases, and the **blood grows richer and purer,** nourishing all the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/-

WARNING ***Refuse imitations; they are worthless. Look for the Government stamp on every tube of Cicfa.***

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal test of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.
THE CICFA CO., 3, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1
John Bull 20/8/32

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 15s. per annum; all other parts of the world 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 73, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 246, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 13, Rue Albouy, Paris.